



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

AT THE AGE OF 43

FROM AN ENGRAVING BY HONDIUS (?)

Frontispiece

Plymouth

THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH TOWNS

PLYMOUTH

BY

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LONDON

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING
CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE
NEW YORK : THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1920

PRINTED BY
WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,
LONDON AND BECCLES.

PREFACE

TO tell the tale of Plymouth in a small book has been by no means an easy task. A longer book would have been in some ways much easier ; there is such abundant wealth of material that the most rigid selection and rejection have been necessary. There is also a difficulty in giving each period its true proportion, neglecting none in favour of another ; and the necessity of recording many facts, yet uniting these in a stream of readable narrative.

It will be clearly understood that this is not intended as a guide-book, and that it omits much which the ordinary guide-book would give. Many particulars about the dockyards, the naval and military institutions, the commercial activities, must be sought elsewhere. The endeavour here has been to view the Three Towns as a unity from the commencement, though it was only the year 1914 that saw their final union ; and it is hoped that no reader will detect any local prejudice or preference. The fact that the book is published in the Tercenary year of the *Mayflower's* sailing, has added a desire that some readers across the Atlantic may find this story of Old Plymouth acceptable. With

regard to its authorities, Worth is much the best for the general reader to turn to. Whitfield's book is delightful to read, but a little unsystematic in arrangement, and its facts often need verification. For the scholar, the Transactions of the Plymouth Institution are valuable, and there are many other sources of detailed information, controversy, research, to be found in the local libraries.

ARTHUR I. SALMON.

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PLYMOUTH

I. INTRODUCTORY

THERE is no doubt that, while Bristol may be styled the capital of the West of England in its broader sense, Plymouth is the capital of what we term specifically the West Country. By the West Country we understand the region that was formerly known as "West Wales." Its boundary, for a long time, was the Somerset Avon on the north-east, and the forest of Selwood in the south ; but this district, still left to the native British, became restricted later. It was occupied by the Celtic tribe of Dumnonii, whose name is probably connected with that of Devon. Dorset, occupied by the Durotriges, certainly belonged to this region of surviving independence for some time ; but we do not now think of it as belonging to the West Country, though it has many kindred features. The West Saxons gradually pushed their border to the Tamar, and at least nominally gained possession of Cornwall ; but in this far west they settled for the most part as colonists rather than as conquerors. Devon never became thoroughly Saxonised ; Cornwall still less so. The people of this region are a blend of pre-Celt, (Ivernian or Iberian), Celt, and Teuton, with some possible survival of earlier descent still ; and it is this admixture that gives the West Country its

special characteristics—its romance and myth and mystery. Though there must be some such blend in other parts of Britain, the proportions are dissimilar ; visitors to the West will quickly recognise a difference in the people, their features, their customs, their ideas, from those of East Anglia or Yorkshire or the Midlands. Plymouth as a gathering-place of the inhabitants from both sides of the Tamar, is in many ways typical ; it is both Devonian and Cornish. The people of these counties, though they have their rivalries and their prejudices, acknowledge a general kinship ; a Devonian is less a "foreigner" to the average Cornishman than is a visitor from farther "up-country."

There are some towns that are comparatively simple and single in their history—that is, they have developed from a unity. Such towns, in the west, are Exeter and Bristol. Plymouth is complex and composite. To this day we often speak of it as the "Three Towns," and its original growth was from something more disunited still ; for early Plymouth, apart from Stoke Damerel and Stonehouse, consisted of three different Suttons. There were individual interests and influences in connection with each of these, in the days before private rights and aims had learned to be subordinated to corporate organisation. The story of Plymouth is a notable example of the growth of unity from distinct, if not antagonistic, elements ; it shows a process of centralising and consolidation. Here, as elsewhere, we find that the growth of towns by the sea has been comparatively modern ; in the early ages and later, closeness to the coast did not make for security. The more ancient towns are to be found at some distance from the mouths of their rivers ; early population thought of safety first, and of land-commerce rather than of

maritime. Exeter for instance, though still nominally a port, has had to depute its shipping-business to Exmouth ; Bristol has been driven to establish it, chief port at Avonmouth. Ten centuries since Tavistock and Plympton were of greater consequence than Plymouth, which then consisted of only a few shoreward dwellings ; and Plympton indeed claims to have been

“ a borough town
When Plymouth was a furzy down.”

When the coast fishermen gradually developed into sailors, adventurers, privateers, strong enough to defend their homes and to attack those of other people, nearness to the sea became an advantage ; seaports grew in size and importance ; navies were built ; the inland settlement had to take a second place, lacking in general any means of rapid increase. While Plympton and Tavistock decayed, or at least remained stationary, the Suttons grew and felt a need for union ; the days of England's naval growth brought larger demands and larger population ; Stoke became Plymouth Dock, and then assumed the prouder title of Devonport ; and at present we see all the elements, once separate, and in some degree mutually jealous, combined in a single great unity. The Suttons have become Plymouth ; the Three Towns have become one large town of imperial value and significance. It has only been the working of chance that has given the name of Plymouth to this flourishing naval, military and commercial settlement that glorifies the mouths of the Tamar and the Plym. Fowey was once greater than Plymouth ; Dartmouth was greater, at a time when Chaucer said, of his typical “ ship-man,”

“ For ought I woot he was of Dertemouthe.”

Such is the Plymouth which has many daughter-towns throughout the English-speaking world ; such is the Plymouth of which the American novelist W. D. Howells has written his impressions so charmingly, thinking of it as "the first of the many places in England where the home-wearied American might spend his last days in the repose of a peaceful exile." He had always thought fondly of the Plymouth in his own New England, and he was ready to find a "potential hospitality" in its mother ; so much so, and so cheaply to be attained (in those pre-war days) that he delighted himself by selecting many a desirable residence on the Hoe and elsewhere, where he would have liked to establish his resting-place. "This is the Mother Plymouth, sitting by the sea," said another American, Elihu Burritt. But Plymouth has changed even since the novelist came to it ; all England has changed. What the future will bring may add much of value to its records, but at present we are concerned with its history from the time of the infant Sutton to that day when a tremendous conflict called for all its resources and its manhood, summoning it to be a rally-place for the whole West Country, in no civil strife this time, but a stern defence of honour and liberty.

Grant Allen said that Plymouth might rightly be regarded as the true capital of the "Cornu-British race." It is more than that, for many differing strains have gone to mould its prosperity ; but in a special measure Plymouth is the metropolis of Devon and Cornwall alike. It contains more Cornish-folk than any single town in the Duchy ; and the Duchy can actually claim a portion of its glory, a share of its finest river, the fair banks of Saltash, the beauties of Mount Edgcumbe, the heights of Maker and of Rame. In a sense it is the great ferry-town

between Devonshire and the extreme west, though the ferrying is now chiefly done by rail across the magnificent Royal Albert Bridge. It is the happy fate of the traveller to-day that he cannot pass into one of the most delightful regions of England without gaining a panoramic view of Plymouth and its waters. However often seen, this view can never pall ; and thus Plymouth leaves a bright memory, a desire for closer knowledge, even to those who merely pass it with a fleeting glimpse of its beauty and its national significance.

II. ORIGINS, MYTHICAL AND HISTORIC

IN a very real sense Plymouth is the creation of its rivers, which have endowed it with its fine harbourage. These great cleavages in the South Devonian formation, (consisting chiefly of slates, mixed with limestones) are due mainly to water action, but much has clearly been done, here at the coast, by volcanic forces ; and to these things we can give no date. The district has revealed something of early man and of extinct mammalia, but not to the extent that has been done by Brixham and Torquay. We cannot say when man first gazed across the waters of the Sound. It is myth, not history, that first dares to enlighten us. That delightful old chronicler or romancer, Geoffrey of Monmouth, has told us a story of early Britain that has every merit except authenticity ; and his story was supported by quite recent tradition in Plymouth. Geoffrey, whether translating from Welsh or Breton sources as he asserted, or inventing and building on racial legend, tells us that Brutus the Trojan, great-grandson of Æneas, being banished from his country through the inadvertent slaying of his father, travelled through Europe and eventually came to Britain. He landed at Totnes, a name that once attached to a larger district than that of the town so named. The inhabitants were giants, and caused him a deal of trouble. One of these, Goemagot, his companions

being disposed of, was reserved for a special wrestling-match with the Trojan champion Corineus, who is fabulously supposed to have given his name to Cornwall. It is notable that wrestling has always been remarkably popular in the West Country. The struggle took place on Plymouth Hoe, from which the triumphant Corineus hurled his opponent into the sea, at a spot subsequently known as *Lam-Goemagot*, later as the Lambhay, where the Citadel now stands. The older name is interpreted as "Goemagot's Leap."

"Upon that loftie place at Plinmouth call'd the Hoe
Those mightie wrastlers met."

Naturally enough, the name Goemagot has been confused with the Biblical Gog and Magog; possibly it is really a corruption of those words. Long since, the citizens of Plymouth shewed their faith in the tradition by carving two gigantic figures in the turf at this spot, which figures remained till blotted out by the erection of the Citadel. At this place also was formerly a dolmen, or holed stone, now unhappily destroyed. Plymouth is not rich in prehistoric remains. We can dismiss the giants as a common exaggeration, but Brutus himself may not be entirely mythical. There is a certain reaction at the present time against former wholesale and scornful incredulities. Old racial legends are receiving more respectful attention, and are not so often despised as sheer inventions. It is recognised that early myth-makers and chroniclers did not so often concoct gratuitous falsities, as misremember and misreport. There may be a core of truth in this supposed invasion of West Britain after the break-up of Troy. We may leave it as a possibility.

It is clear that there was at one time a considerable population on the shores of this noble harbour; many

pre-Roman remains have been found in the Oreston district, articles in bronze, earthenware and brass, including many Celtic coins. The Roman occupation also left traces ; though as a matter of fact no Roman road of importance led beyond Exeter. There was a station named *Tamara* which has been identified with Tamerton ; the mouth of the river is claimed as the *Tamara Ostia* of Ptolemy ; and it has been thought that Staddon may be the early-named *Stadio Duentia*. This last was a pre-Roman settlement ; the gold and silver coins found near Mount Batten, and the cemetery exhumed in the same district, are British, not Roman, and the objects found in the graves belong to the Bronze Age. They give a striking conception of early British culture ; the bronze mirrors are quite artistic and ornate. It cannot be certain that they were of native construction, but it is probable ; the coins undoubtedly were. Other traces of pre-historic civilisation have been found on both sides of Tamar-mouth. Kistvaens have been found also, one between Plymouth and Stonehouse, another, with a remarkable burial-urn of black ware, beneath an old house in Stillman Street. Apparently there was a cromlech or hanging-stone at Hingston, now Cattedown ; Hingston is simply a reversal of Stonehenge. Of Roman remains, many coins of different dates have been discovered, and there is a doubtful mention of a Roman galley, found while making an excavation ; but more notable are the figure of Mercury found at Hooe, near Plymstock, and the burial-ground unearthed at Stonehouse. This last has been presumed to indicate the presence of a Roman villa, which might have given birth to the name of Stonehouse ; but the point is not quite clear. In any case, it is now evident that the Plymouth district, if not the town

itself, can claim a considerable antiquity of habitation; it is anything but a mushroom of modern growth.

It is just possible that the Hamoaze retains the name of "Hamo's Port," as mentioned by Geoffrey of Monmouth, which was certainly not Southampton; but before reaching this conclusion we must make sure of Hamo himself, which is not easy to do. We may at least believe that the Plymouth of that day was a fairly important settlement, and was one of the ports to which Phœnicians came for tin. It is uncertain whether the early mentioned Tamerworth was Drake's Island; many parts around the Tamar were sufficiently insular to warrant the name; but it is at least sure that the Tamar should have given its name to modern Plymouth rather than the Plym. Yet after all, the birth of Plymouth was at the mouth of the Plym, not the Tamar. Plympton certainly and Plymstock probably were of earlier consequence than the tiny settlement known as Sutton, which is all that we can trace of the present Plymouth in Domesday. Traces of old Teutonic "mark" tenure, and of "landscore fields" have favoured the idea that this outlying corner may have been settled by Saxon invaders from the sea at an earlier date than the general Saxon conquest. In the Domesday record Sutton, standing on the site of the existing Old Town, is credited with seven inhabitants only, while Plintone, the present Plympton, has thirty-five. Other manors named are those of Stanehos, (Stonehouse); Stoches, (Stoke Damerel); Modlie, (Mutley); Contone, (Compton); and Bocheland, (Buckland). Plympton, with its well-endowed Priory, was the predominant power in the district; and this brings us to a consideration of the name. The Plym has been fortunate in gain-

ing precedence over the Tamar, just as the Dart won precedence over other important rivers in naming Dartmoor ; but it is only the passage of time, and the growth of the Tamarside population, that has made the name something of a misnomer. It is impossible to speak conclusively as to the origin of the name Plym. Some, taking Plintone as the earliest form in which it appears, and remembering that Plymouth itself was formerly spelt Plinmouth, have regarded it as a corruption of *pen-lin*, head of the creek or inlet. The distance of Plympton from the river does not contradict this ; the water once flowed to its walls ; and the name of the Lynher suggests a local use of the word *lin*, (Irish *linn*, Welsh *llyn*). Other derivations have been surmised ; the Rev. S. Baring Gould conjectures that the word is actually pre-Celtic, adding that there is a river Pelym in Siberia. The river itself rises on Dartmoor, near the Dewerstone ; it receives the Meavy at Shaugh Bridge, from whence in its course to the Laira and Catwater it has been known as the Cad. The whole question as to these names is controversial, and must be left open.

Why the place was named South Town does not appear certain ; but as the earlier settlement was a little space inland, and the more thriving Sutton was close to Sutton Pool, this southern portion may have given its name to the whole. The Old Town was Sutton Valletort or Vawter, so called when it passed from the Crown to the Valletorts, a family still represented at Mount Edgcumbe ; the later and more prosperous was Sutton Prior, rising on land gifted to the Plympton Priory ; there was also a tithing known as Sutton Ralph or Raf, named from a Ralph Valletort. All this is a little confusing. The Stoke Damerel of Domesday, (Stoke d'Albemarle,

as belonging to that family) was more important than Sutton, having twenty-five inhabitants; but it remained a mere country village till it began to acquire value as Plymouth Dock. Stonehouse had one inhabitant only, but we must remember that women and children were not usually included in these enumerations. We have to regard Plympton Priory as the nurse and patron of the infant Plymouth. This monastery, established long before the Conquest, became very wealthy, and was probably the oldest religious foundation westward of Exeter if we think only of such foundations as derived from the conversion of the Saxons. Celtic Christianity could boast many churches and monastic settlements of far earlier date, though not apparently at the mouth of the Tamar. St. Germanus had been at St. Germans, and probably one of the Celtic Budeocs at St. Budeaux; St. Petrock had left his name in the South Hams, and St. Rumon at Tavistock but the immediate neighbourhood of Plymouth has no Christian memories of an earlier than Saxon period. Both Plympton and Tavistock had thriving religious houses long before we hear of any church at Sutton; and as those were days when monastic interests frequently outstripped secular, Sutton Prior rapidly gained premier position under the care of the Plympton monks. But details are not plentiful. The growth of the place depended mainly on fish and sea-faring. Although the name Plymouth was not officially adopted till the charter of 1440, it had long been stealing into use under such forms as the thirteenth-century Plimmue and Plinemuth; and we may conveniently adopt it in speaking of times before there is actual warrant for doing so. The spelling of those old days was delightfully uncertain, and Worth says that he traced as many as 300

variants in the spelling of Plymouth. As it is usual to estimate a seaport's position by the size of its contribution to Edward III.'s siege of Calais, it is interesting to note that Plymouth sent 26 ships while London sent only 25 and Bristol 22. Fowey, Yarmouth, and Dartmouth came before Plymouth in this respect, Fowey ranking first of all with 47 vessels and 770 men. To compare the present naval importance of these places gives a striking impression of time's ironies. There was good reason behind the zeal of these western ports; Plymouth itself had already begun to suffer from French incursions. In 1339, seven years before the Calais expedition, a party of French burned such vessels as they could get at, and landed to fire the town. They were repulsed by the townsfolk under the veteran Hugh Courtenay, Earl of Devon, whose family, still surviving at Powderham on the Exe, was of almost royal importance and won a European reputation. There were other and more serious invasions later, the worst of which occurred in 1403 when the Sieur de Chatel landed with a party of Bretons and did immense damage, burning 600 houses and carrying away many of the inhabitants. Briton or Breton Side, in the neighbourhood of the present Exeter Street, long preserved the memory of this disaster. All the western ports were suffering more or less in this manner, but it must be confessed they did not suffer tamely, and they gave frequent provocation. Whatever might be the relations between kings and governments, there was generally a fierce interchange of compliments between the south of England and the northern coasts of France, with constant piracy on the sea and attacks on land—a school of hard hitting and rough morals. Leaving the moral question on one side, it was a fine discipline,

and the nation owed much to it in later times of peril.

But Plymouth's possibilities as a naval base had been realised earlier than by Edward III. His able and courageous predecessor Edward I. had ordered "Plimue," together with Dartmouth and Teignmouth, to furnish a ship and men for his expedition against Bruce in 1302 ; and the same thing happened six years later. But France was the more usual enemy, here in the south, and the port was constantly active during the energies of the third Edward, with his son the Black Prince. Hither the latter brought his army, to sail against France, and, being delayed by weather, was entertained at Plympton Priory ; and here when the fleet returned in 1357, were landed the captives from Poitiers, King John and others. In 1400 a French expedition intended to aid the brave Owen Glendower was driven by storms into Plymouth, and, being in strong force, succeeded in burning the ships and some houses, with considerable injury and bloodshed. But it was the invasion of 1403 that hit Plymouth hardest, and delayed its rise. It was already a place of some size at that date, and had been represented in Parliament since 1298. In 1377 it figured as the fourth town in the kingdom, only surpassed by London, York and Bristol, with a population, as recorded for taxation, of 4,837. Proportionately, it was therefore of greater size and importance than it is even to-day. As soon as England began to depend on her navy, this consequence was assured ; and as long as Britain retains her naval position, it is sure of continuance.

III. EARLY DEVELOPMENT

THE first market granted to Plymouth belongs to the reign of Henry III., with an extension of rights in 1311; and it seems doubtful which of the Suttons first enjoyed it. Apparently Sutton Valletort had already gained independence of manorial authority; but Sutton Prior was still tied to Plympton. Discontent with clerical lordship, civil misrule and dissension, and a desire for more definite corporation, rose to a head in 1411; a petition was presented that the Suttons and a portion of Compton might become a free borough; this was effected in 1439, and Plymouth, as we now know it, came into actual existence. There had been earlier mayors of the disunited commonalty; the first under the new incorporation was William Kethriche. The Priory did not yield without a struggle. At a public inquisition held by the Archdeacon of Totnes at the Priory church, it was decided that the claims of the monks should be met by the grant of a fee-farm rent of £41, which was commuted to a lower sum later and paid till the Dissolution. The new corporation did not gain everything; a monopoly of the Tamar was granted to Saltash, and the Crown retained a slight holding. The blending of different elements, with old local animosities, continued during many years to cause faction-fights between the men of Breton Side and Old Town, as representing the two early Suttons. The newly corporate town was

put under fairly strict surveillance, and evidently needed it; there was even a drink-prohibition for Sunday, though visiting ships might be supplied.

When the Wars of the Roses distracted the kingdom, Plymouth was not an idle spectator, though so far remote from the main conflict. She was called upon to defend the coast against the French who were assisting Queen Margaret. The authorities of the place seem to have trimmed a little, with a lurking Lancastrian sympathy but a due regard to Yorkist successes. In 1470 the "King-Maker" Warwick, with Margaret and her son, were warmly welcomed by the townsfolk, and a number of enthusiastic Plymouthians marched to their disastrous defeat at Tewkesbury. The Lancastrian feeling revived later when Henry Tudor was known to be hovering around the coast, with some devoted adherents in the locality, such as Richard Edgcumbe of Cotehele, of whose escape in this connection much might be told. Due reward was given to Edgcumbe by the grateful Henry VII. For a moment also Perkin Warbeck passes like a ghost across the scene, but the town's only part was to chase and harass the followers of that poor phantom of a king. Almost equally unhappy but less phantasmal was Katherine of Arragon, who disembarked at the Barbican in 1501, on her way to marry the king's son Arthur—and later to marry his brother Henry, a union destined to bring tremendous consequences. She was received with enthusiasm by the town, whose papers contain many entries of the expense incurred on the occasion. This Spanish alliance, matrimonial and political, was the seed of much that figures large in British history; but at this time both Henry of England and Philip of Spain were something less than a match for the King of France,

especially at sea, and there is a sorry story of the defeat of an English fleet, under Edward Howard, outside Plymouth. But it was only temporarily that Plymouth men ever felt a dread of the French, and the old story of mutual harryings was soon resumed.

It is interesting to note that when Henry divorced Katherine, three local priests were arrested for expressing their disapproval; some lesser objectors were set in the stocks. Times were changing; it was indeed the beginning of the end, so far as a powerful monasticism was concerned. But all did not desert the sinking ship when first the Grey and White Friars of the town, and then the rich Priory at Plympton, had to submit their temporalities to the Crown. Plymouth begged and received some of the spoil, and escaped from her last tie with Plympton. This was in 1539. A pension of £120, quite large for that day, was granted to the Prior. But though the spirit of Puritanism was fast gaining ground in the district, to bear much fruit later, the West Country was too conservative in its character to be swept away immediately by the flood of new opinions. Both in Devon and Cornwall there were many who clung to the older forms and canons of worship and of faith, among gentry and peasantry alike; and though the first note of insurrection seems to have sounded in Cornwall, it was around Crediton and Exeter and Honiton that most of the fighting took place, when the Western Rebellion assumed a formidable front. The rising was not confined to the West; there were simultaneous disturbances in Yorkshire and the eastern counties, and also in Oxfordshire; but there was no real combination between these widely-severed revolts. We are here concerned only with the rebellion of the West, which was a religious, not a

political outbreak. The date was 1548. A form of fifteen articles was drawn up, in which the people of Devon and Cornwall (that is to say, a portion of them) demanded the restitution of the Mass in Latin, the reservation of the Sacrament, the restoring of images and ancient usages. "We will not receive the new service," they said, "because it is like a Christmas game. We will have our old service of matins, mass, evensong and procession, as it was before ; and we, the Cornishmen, whereof certain of us understand no English, utterly refuse the new English." In support of these demands a body of 10,000 Cornishmen marched across the Tamar into Devonshire. If this was the body that attacked Plymouth, in 1549, it must have been in its retreat from an unsuccessful effort in Devon ; or it may be the attack was made by other irregular forces. In any case the town was stormed and held for a short time, to the grave loss of its records ; for "then was our steepell burnt with all the town's evidence in the same." It is not quite clear what steeple is referred to, and probably only a small part of the town was actually taken ; but the loss of many of the town's archives is a deplorable fact. The rising however was doomed, and Plymouth soon drove off the assailants, chasing them over the borders. Many brave men suffered for this attempt to bring back a past that had gone for ever. Loyalty is always admirable, whether it be for a forlorn hope or even in a mistaken cause ; and whatever our present opinions may be we can only admire these devoted men of Devon and the Duchy who risked life and estate for their convictions. A change of religious forms and ceremonies had been thrust upon them without any corresponding change in their own views ; and against such spiritual persecution it is

not unnatural, it is not even blameworthy, to revolt, though it may be inexpedient. Later, when the reign of Queen Mary brought a reversal of all that had been done, Plymouth did not evince the same zeal for its new and now persecuted principles, but accepted discretion as the better part of valour. These fervent Catholics had done otherwise, and suffered accordingly ; and their Rebellion is associated with some of the romance that ever clings to such attempts ; we remember them with a tribute of esteem and regret.

We must think of the Plymouth of this period as a small town of much natural strength, but certainly not yet adequately defended by artificial fortifying. Something had been attempted by Richard II., who appears to have felt a kindness to the town—perhaps remembering his visit here with his father the Black Prince in 1371, though he was then only a child of four years. There was a good deal of trading with France, Spain and Portugal, in spite of the frequent private frictions with those countries. These were days when the line between regular commerce and actual piracy was very thinly drawn ; but there was some genuine trading. Besides foreign business there was a deal of coasting, and, we may be sure, plenty of smuggling. The Castle dates from the time of Henry IV., and in this connection Risdon may be quoted, writing somewhere about 1640. Even at that date there appears to have been some uncertainty as to the castle's origin :

“ A castle they have, garretted with turrets at every corner, supposed by some to have been built by the Vaulltorts, lords of the town ; but more probably showeth to be the work of Edmund Stafford, bishop of Exon, the Lord Chancellor of England, whose armories engraven in the work were



lately to be seen. The haven is sufficiently fortified on all sides, and chained over when need requireth, having on the south a peer, they call it the fort, built upon the cliff between the town and the sea, called the Haw, a place delightful for walk and prospect."

The date is indeed doubtful ; there is mention of a castle here as early as 1312. Unlike so many others, the castle of Plymouth has little to say for itself in history, and not much in relics ; but there is a portion of the gateway surviving at the bottom of Lambhay Street, close to the Citadel ; and another remembrance lingers in the name of the Barbican. Some of the local guns were procured from Spain ; we read of two bought in 1505 and paid for in cloth and cheese, others were paid for in hake. Not least among the town's defences might be reckoned Drake's Island, then known as the Island of St. Nicholas—St. Nicholas having somehow displaced St. Michael, whose chapel was then in ruins. The Hoe itself, though guns were sometimes dragged upon it, was not really fortified till the days of Drake and Hawkins, after the Armada. The Citadel belongs to a still later date.

Ecclesiastical Plymouth first makes a definite beginning with the institution of William de la Stane as vicar of "Suthtone" in 1264. Carmelites settled here in 1313, on a site now shared by the London and South Western Railway and the Roman Catholic church of Holy Cross, still known as the Friary. The Franciscans had a foundation in Woolster Street, of which some traces remain ; and the Dominicans in Southside Street, their memory surviving in Blackfriars Lane and perhaps a portion of their buildings. The Maudlyn at North Hill, on a site later to be occupied by one of the Civil War

forts, was of far earlier date than any of these ; its name is the common corruption of Magdalen. St. Andrew's itself doubtless existed from the early times of the Plympton Priors. A chapel of St. Katherine on the Hoe seems to have been built in the fourteenth century ; its exact site is uncertain.

Such was the Plymouth for which stirring times were waiting. Good as its trade was, and considerable its wealth, it was yet put to sore straits by the burnings and pillaging of the French, and France was still the enemy of whom it stood in some dread. Greater days were at hand when the enmity was transferred to Spain. As the townsmen said in a petition of the year 1464, the town "is one of the most principall and fayrest ports at this time within this Realme, and the kaye and only defence of all the Countrie therunto adjoyning, and necessary to be kept and mayntayned as well in tyme of peace as of warre."

IV. SEA-DOGS OF DEVON

THE first training-ground of the Devon seamen had been their own and the French coasts. Their life was an alternation of attack and defence, a blend of fishery, commerce, and petty piracy, which gradually evolved a fine race of seafarers. The sea was in their blood, as it had been in that of their forefathers. France was always at hand when a little excitement was desired, and it did not matter greatly to these stout venturers whether their country was at war with France or not—they themselves were always at war. A race, like a child, has to grow strong by struggling. To grow strong in striking there must be something to strike at. The abounding animal spirits of a young people has to find a vent somehow, and this was how the coastwise population of England vented theirs. But the time came when they wanted something more than an occasional raid to the shores of Brittany or Normandy; there came a call to bigger adventure. The thirst for exploration and discovery and long uncharted voyages was in the air, and was not confined to England; but it was no fault of the people that other lands won the first laurels. The English Government had allowed chances to slip by—Columbus had applied to Henry VII. before he gained the patronage of Isabella for his first great voyage; yet it was the Bristol Cabot, English by adoption if not by birth, who touched at Newfound-

land in 1497, even earlier than Columbus had reached the South American mainland. On these matters of precedence it is difficult to speak with dogmatism. Whether America was first reached ten centuries earlier by Chinamen from the east, or in the tenth century by men from Iceland, the glory of great and successful enterprise must still rest with such heroes as Columbus and Cabot. But it is certain that at the close of the fifteenth century both Spain and Portugal were taking the lead—and in Spain's case especially it was a lead that brought immense acquisition, vast wealth, and a naval power that then ruled the seas as triumphantly as did the British Navy later, though much more despotically. This was not pleasing to the British, who never feared Spain though they learned later to hate her. It remained for the sixteenth century to adjust the balance, and to win the ocean for little England with its larger views of personal and religious liberty. This was largely achieved by the West, not because its men were braver or more skilful than those of the eastern shores, of Hull and Yarmouth and the Cinque Ports, but because their position favoured them. They stood at the gates of the western ocean, and its call was ever in their ears. We of the West Country must not be too boastful, yet, when we come to the great maritime glories of a town like Plymouth, there is indeed something to speak of, though it be done with due recognition of what others accomplished.

Something has already been said of Plymouth's sea-doings; there is much more to be told, and the telling in this place has to be very brief, very inadequate. It may be best associated with the name of Hawkins. One Plymouth man, Cockram, was a companion of Cabot, and was later connected with

the first of the notable Hawkins family, William, who in 1528, or thereabouts, sailed on the earliest of his three voyages to Brazil. William Hawkins, as introduced to us by Hakluyt, was "a man for his wisdom, value, experience, and skill in sea causes, much esteemed and beloved by King Henry the 8, and being one of the principall sea-captains in the West parts of England in his time, not contented with the short voyages commonly made then onely to the knowne coasts of Europe, armed out a tall and goodlye shippe of his own to the burthen of 250 tunnes, called the *Paule of Plimmouth*." On one of his voyages to the Brazilian coasts he so won the confidence of the natives by his honourable dealing, that a savage king or chief accompanied him on his return to England, Cockram being left as a pledge of good faith. The unfamiliar visitor, who was presented to the king at Whitehall, made a great sensation in the London society of that day. Unhappily he died at sea on his return, and it might have gone badly with Cockram had not the natives readily accepted Hawkins' assurances that the death was entirely a misadventure. With absolute trust the natives took his word and let the hostage leave them unharmed. Hawkins made much wealth by his voyages, and became both mayor and Parliamentary Member for Plymouth; he died in 1553. Having married into the eminent family of Trelawny, he had two sons, William and John; and while both his father and his brother were men of real distinction, it is John who figures most largely in the records of that age. Born in 1532 with such traditions and antecedents, John Hawkins became a typical seaman of the Elizabethan era, outshone in popular reputation by Drake only, but certainly Drake's equal in stubborn force of will, in honour according to his

own lights, and perhaps more than his equal in clear-sighted prudence. While William, at the family house in Kinterbury Street, carried on his father's local activities, both as citizen and ship-owner, John, after some short cruises to the Spanish ports and the Canaries, turned his attention to the Gulf of Mexico. He learned that slave-labour was much required on the Spanish islands. Spain's colonising usually resulted in the extermination of natives. Hawkins conceived the idea of a new form of merchandise—new in the sense that he was the first Englishman to pursue it systematically. It is this that has left the chief blot on his name. When we speak of slavery in this connection we should use the language of the sixteenth, rather than the twentieth century—not that what is wrong now was right then, but that public opinion has entirely changed. The negro of those days was regarded as an inferior being, belonging to a cursed race. In his own country he often lived in great misery under his own chieftains ; those who were taken as slaves were frequently prisoners of war, already doomed to servitude or death ; sometimes they were criminals under a ban. To take them from the Guinea coast to Hispaniola or elsewhere was in most cases merely to remove them from one spot of slavery to another—sometimes, undoubtedly, it saved lives that would otherwise have been cruelly sacrificed. Such arguments do not excuse, but they palliate, especially when we remember the times of which we are speaking, when so-called Christian powers were using captured white men in a similarly barbarous manner. Of slavery itself, in practice or principle, there can be no defence whatever ; but it is hardly fair to blast the reputation of Hawkins utterly for doing that which was done by

British merchants till the very dawn of the nineteenth century. Hawkins was a humane and tender-hearted man. He was the kindest of masters to his seamen ; his grief for those who were captured at the disastrous affair of San Juan was a real agony, driving him for years to every possible effort for their rescue. No cruel or mean action is recorded of him, though some rough ones may be. All Europe of that day countenanced the trade, all England would gladly have shared its profits ; he was not the first even of Englishmen to practise it. We must remember that our own law did not actually make it a criminal offence till 1824, and America, not generally backward in humane ideas, continued to be a slave-holding country till her own civil war.

This is an important subject. Slavery is an iniquity, and the men of those days committed many iniquities. Neither governments nor individuals are perfect even yet, and we must be careful how we throw stones. We can hate the crime while making allowances for the criminal. Many things done at that time, by high-minded men such as Drake and Grenville and Raleigh, were simple piracy or theft judged by later standards, and there was a dawning opinion against them even then. "I am much averse," said Major Sedgwick of Plymouth, "to this marooning, cruising, plundering and burning of towns ; though it has long been practised in these parts, yet it is not honourable for a princely navy." It was a noble but obviously an unpopular protest. The idealism of that day was not an idealism of scruple or of delicate points of conscience. It was consistent with much greed and some wrong-doing, but consistent also with an impassioned love of country, a growing conception of human rights, and an enlarging vision of personal freedom.

Of John Hawkins' further career little more can here be said, except to give a brief reference to his unhappy voyage in 1568 when he sailed from Plymouth Sound accompanied by Drake (reputed to be his kinsman, though the point is not clear), and experienced the terrible catastrophe at San Juan, brought about by almost incredible Spanish treachery, whose details, as related by himself and by Miles Phillips, one of his companions, will be found in the Hakluyt collection. This overshadowed his remaining years, though it did not ruin his prosperity. As William Hawkins had won the favour of Henry, so John won and held that of Elizabeth, becoming her Controller and Treasurer of the Navy in 1573—a position of honour indeed, but also of sore labour and distraction. A ready and well-equipped navy was a condition of national existence in those days, and the Queen tried to keep hers at anybody's expense but her own. Hawkins was surrounded with difficulties, and of course, with enemies; he was harassed with accounts and figures, as well as with the practical activities that came more naturally to him, such as the re-modelling of the form of ships which he in part accomplished. When the Armada came in 1588, of which something more must be said later, it was largely owing to Hawkins that the Queen's fleet was in condition to cope with it, though even then much was done by privateers. The struggle with complicated accounts, the constant hamperings from a niggardly queen and querulous statesmen, the backbiting of foes, were not the only trials of his later life. He was desperately troubled by the failure of an expedition undertaken by his son, and by the peril of that son in the hands of Spanish captors, with the Inquisition in the background, that constant horror of English

seamen. This son, Richard Hawkins, known as "The Complete Seaman," had fought his *Dainty* with 75 men against eight Spanish boats with 1500, and only surrendered after three days and nights of resistance. The danger of his son roused John to undertake his last expedition, sailing with Drake in 1595. This time the Spaniards were ready for them; they were dogged by misfortune, and the two great seamen differed as to plans of procedure. Hawkins died of sickness, anxiety, sorrow, within sight of Cape San Juan; and a few weeks later Drake himself finished his astonishing career in gloom, dying at sea like his comrade. The ocean holds them both. These sea-dogs were not generally long-lived men. John Hawkins has been spoken of as the "first true friend of the British sailor." We can judge something of his character from his sailing-orders to his crew: "Serve God daily; love one another; preserve your victuals; beware of fire; and keep good company." By the last words he meant "keep together." It was an utterance typical of the age. It may be said of him briefly that he feared God, loved England, hated Spain. We must remember that the Spain of that day, in a loyal Englishman's eyes, meant cruelty and oppression, the constant peril of his Queen and country, and the most deadly enmity to his own faith.

Among the other great seamen of this age and port, there were many who claim far more notice than can be given them here. The most famed of all, Francis Drake, was not a Plymouth man, being born near Tavistock; and he gained his first naval experiences on the Medway. But he became a thorough Plymouthian, the idol of his fellow-townsmen, and when the Queen, in knighting him, said, "I wish I had more such saucy knaves," he

replied promptly, "Your Majesty has a thousand such in Plymouth." It was from Plymouth that he sailed in 1572 on his expedition to Nombre de Dios, on his return from which, with great treasure, the people crowded out of St. Andrew's Church to welcome him. From Plymouth he started in 1577 for his memorable voyage round the world, a tremendous feat for those days, returning to the same port, as we read, "after we had spent two years, ten months and some few odd days besides, in seeing the wonders of the Lord in the deep, in discovering so many admirable things, in going through so many strange adventures, in escaping out of so many dangers." Do our people still read these fine old narratives of travel, so manly, so inspiring, so fresh and wholesome in their tone and language? Not the least of the gifts bestowed by that "spacious" time was the number of wonderful seafaring narrations, whose spirit of marvel and vision we find in our Shakespeare. After the great renaissance of literature and art and learning, the New World had burst on the sight of Europe like a vast field in which dream and ideal might become practical; the souls of men expanded with larger seeing and lofty intent. The Latin races had come first, but England was not slow to follow. There were regrettable features sometimes, greed and roughness and occasional cruelty; but in the main the British seamen kept their hands tolerably clean in a day when sea-adventure was seldom other than an ennobled kind of piracy. Drake's largest vessel in this wonderful voyage was the *Pelican*, of 100 tons. In the year before the Armada he sailed again from Plymouth on his marauding cruise to the Spanish coasts, "singeing the King of Spain's beard," and delaying the momentous invasion. But of Drake himself so

much has been said lately in literature and on the stage, so much has been done in his immortal memory, that we can leave him with few words.

Walter Raleigh, second only to Drake in reputation and in some ways a still finer man, was of East Devon by birth, and largely connected with London later ; but of course Plymouth knew him well, and he may be accounted one of her worthies. It was to Plymouth that he came after his last voyage to Guiana, a baffled and broken man ; and though he began an attempt at flight from the enemies at home who were almost as cruel as those abroad, his manhood soon brought him back to Plymouth Barbican. He was taken to London and beheaded in 1618, by the cowardly order of James I., pandering to the wishes of Spain. The character of James is not so bright that it can bear this terrible stain. When all is said, English royalty had not done much for our Devon sea-dogs, with the exception of Henry VIII., whose views on these matters were broad and king-like.

From Plymouth, in 1609, sailed Sir Thomas Gates and Sir George Somers with the intention of founding a colony in Virginia. They were met by a storm : " the heavens were obscured, and made an Egyptian night of three daies perpetuall horror ; the women lamented, the hearts of the passengers failed, the experience of the sea captaines was amased, the skill of the marriners was confounded, the ship most violently leaked." The result of this tempest, so vividly depicted by a contemporary, was that their vessel was cast upon the Bermudas, long afterwards known as the Somers Islands, though the name of the early Spanish explorer has now displaced that of the Englishman. After passing some time on these islands, and annexing them for the King, the

voyagers fulfilled their intention of reaching Virginia, and Gates became governor of the colony thus established. Retracing a little, a word is due to John Oxenham, of the famous South Tawton family, himself a freeman of Plymouth, whose story has been made familiar to all in the pages of "Westward-Ho." Those who brought glory to Plymouth were not all Plymouth men. It was at Plymouth that the gallant Frobisher died in 1594, a Yorkshireman by birth, but by adoption a thorough Devonian. There is also another of the great Hawkins family deserving of a record. William Hawkins, nephew of Sir John, did something for England's early success in India. The East India Company had been founded in 1599, and in its third voyage William Hawkins had command of the *Hector*. He visited the Great Mogul, Jehanghire, at Agra, and won his favour; and it is said to have been partly at the Mogul's desire that he married a resident Armenian lady. It is pleasant to know that England to some extent owes India, among the many possessions attaching to her flag, to the enterprise of these adventurous days. Though belonging to a much later date, it was from Plymouth that another Yorkshireman, Captain Cook, sailed on his three famous voyages. The old spirit never died; it is alive still, and was the mainstay of the Empire during the recent war. In connection with Cook's first voyage, in 1768, there is a fine thing to be recorded, showing how peoples can be at war and yet behave as gentlemen. France and England were fighting at the time, but the French Government issued an order that Cook was not to be molested in any way, as his enterprise was for the benefit of humanity. It is easy to shake hands afterwards with a foe like that.

Much more might be said, but those who would know more should turn to the old sea-narratives ; they will be well rewarded. Among these should be read Byron's "Grandad's Narrative" of an expedition which also set sail from Plymouth. These things tell us of days when exploration and peril and venture were men's passion ; and this passion was the genuine inspiration of old Plymouth, throbbing through the annals of its earlier history, and surviving undiminished to-day. The town was small in those times, but great in the undertakings that it had fostered and sent forth. There were faults and moral lapses, but the men had big ideals mingled with their smaller motives. There is something more than a merely local link between such men as Humphrey Gilbert and our recent polar hero, Captain Scott, whose death is still fresh in our memories, and who was himself a native of Devonport.

V. THE ARMADA

IN those days of venture and peril there was need that Plymouth should be strongly defensible. Nature had assisted it in this matter, but man had to do something. From its little early importance, there was no great Norman castle here ; and though Edward III. gave orders for the growing town's fortification, not much seems to have been done effectively till the time of Henry IV., when the cluster of houses around Sutton Pool was better enclosed. The castle that stood at the site of the present Citadel must have been built considerably earlier, but was probably then enlarged. In the old manner of these ports, the harbour of Sutton was defended by a chain, as was done at Dartmouth and Fowey. But the men were better than their walls and forts, and were ready when the day of the great Armada dawned. As so often since, we may say that England was not prepared, but the people were prepared ; the government was dilatory and short-sighted and vacillating ; the people were prompt, keen, fearless. It was private enterprise rather than public organisation that proved the undoing of Spain ; and when the Spaniards planned their gigantic expedition, with such resources as seemed to ensure its triumph, there was always a lurking fear of the British seaman in the background. " We fear the English on the water," was their open confession, " not on the land. They are better fighters on the

sea ; their mariners and gunners are better." It was true. The Queen's fleet, the navy proper, was supported by numbers of privateers, contributed by different ports or owned by such leaders as Drake and Hawkins—the very men whose doings had roused Spain to fury that now found outlet. Instead of striving with them in the Spanish Main, it seemed better to strike at the heart of the trouble ; to crush Plymouth and the other offending ports by one supreme blow that should also accomplish vast political and religious aims. Behind Philip was the Pope ; and this double strength of his attack gave double point to England's resolution, for while she hated Philip she both hated and feared the Papacy. The story of the Armada has been so often told that it must be dealt with very briefly here. As volunteers Plymouth contributed seven vessels and a fly-boat, under command of Drake ; Hawkins, as rear-admiral, was attached to the royal fleet ; the whole were under the flag of Lord Howard of Effingham. A squadron was left to defend the Straits under Lord Seymour, while the main fleet gathered at Plymouth to await the first onslaught. Of the 190 vessels here waiting only 34 belonged to the Queen, but these were the larger ships, including some built after a new design by Hawkins, the largest of which was of 1000 tons. Against this was coming the greatest naval force the world had ever seen, consisting of 130 huge galleons, with about thirty other vessels of less size. Thus the English were not actually outnumbered by keel to keel, but in tonnage it was as two to one, with equipment and manning to match ; indeed in equipment and condition the Spanish superiority was far greater than the figures show. The Queen had been cheeseparing to the last ; she had grudged

ammunition for practice, she grudged it for actual service. Her provisioning was so bad that the seamen would have perished of hunger and disease had not their leaders at personal expense provided food and remedies. On the other side, we must remember what recent writers have pointed out, that the English were far better gunners, and, what is more important, they were trained to fight as seamen ; the Spaniards were land soldiers on board ship, who trusted to grappling and boarding their foes for their chances of victory. In characteristic manner, the Plymouth men had desired to push into the Tagus and there destroy the Spanish fleet before it sailed ; but Elizabeth, hoping for peace to the last, hampered them by temporising and conflicting orders. What the English failed to do, the Spaniards should have done ; they should have caught the English navy in Plymouth Sound and crushed it ; at close quarters their superiority would have told immensely more than in the open. It was asserted later that the Spanish commander, Medina Sidonia, was urged to do this, but he either failed to attempt it or the English were too wary. On July 19 the momentous message came ; the Armada had been sighted ; and the English vessels had already warped their way out of harbour, " dancing lustily " outside in the rough weather that had struck the first blow against the invaders. Of the famous game of bowls on Plymouth Hoe, we can only say there is no definite reliable record ; if not true in the letter it was true in spirit, for such was undoubtedly the mood in which Devon men faced all their dangers. Beacons flashed from hill to hill, and a thrill of loyal purpose possessed the people from north to south ; with very few exceptions Catholics were as resolved as Protestants that their country should not become the spoil of a

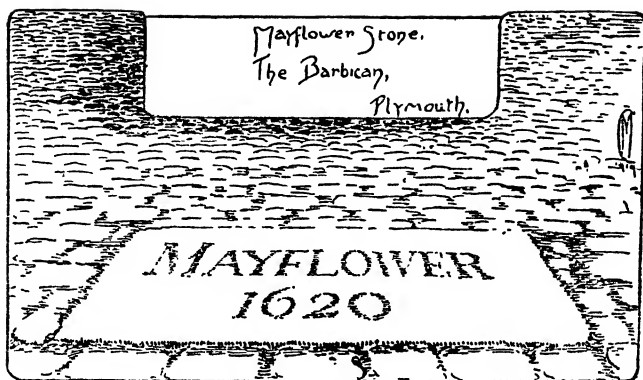
foreign ruler. Thus, when he approached the Sound, Sidonia discovered that Howard was ready for him, and he discovered also that he could not force the close action which he desired ; the English ships kept prudently at a distance, waiting till their opportunity came. At the right moment the *Ark* and three other speedy vessels dashed past the Spanish rear-line, firing into the galleons as they covered them. It was wonderful seamanship, brilliant strategy ; the Spaniards could neither give chase nor successfully return the rapid fire. And so the action proceeded, in anything but the manner that Sidonia had planned ; disasters soon began, and prizes were taken that gave the English much needed supplies. Harassed, weakened, disheartened, the enemy pressed on towards Calais, to be further damaged by the English fire-ships that drove them from their harbourage. Nothing must be said against the Spaniards' courage ; they fought heroically, they died with proud and devout gallantry ; but they were hopelessly outmanœuvred. It was a case in which the race was to the swift but the battle not to the strong. The fight off Gravelines proved decisive ; Sidonia, seeing no other course, resolved to escape by way of the North Sea and around the Orkneys. He had lost more than 4000 men ; the British loss had been only 100. The only man of note who fell on the English side was Captain Cock of Plymouth, who fought on his own vessel, captured a Spanish boat, and died in the moment of his victory. Drake and Howard followed hard at the heels of the retreating enemy, but their pursuit was merely a bluff ; they had no stores and scarce any ammunition. The Queen's niggardliness continued to the end. It was left to the winds of heaven to complete the Spanish catastrophe ; the coasts

of the Western Isles and of Ireland gave a rough welcome. Of the greatest fleet that had ever set sail, only 54 disabled ships survived to reach port.

Deus flavit et dissipati sunt—God blew and they were scattered. It is true that winds and waters played a great part, first in the delaying and then in the shattering of this huge invading navy; but England has not forgotten that her sons played a great part too, and Plymouth in particular has remembered. During two centuries the corporation used to attend annually at the church of St. Andrew's on July 25; and though this commemoration has now ceased there is a permanent memorial on the Hoe, raised in the tercentenary year. The popular imagination figured the matter differently; it pictured Drake standing on the Hoe and throwing chips of wood into the Sound; these chips became fire-ships and scattered the Spaniards. The same kind of folk-lore conceived Drake as bringing water by magic from Dartmoor, because he really accomplished the engineering feat of the town's water-supply. These are remarkable specimens of myth-making within quite modern times, and suggest how many older myths arose.

But if the people of England have never forgotten their heroes of that great day, their contemporaries treated them neglectfully. The humbler seamen who had saved their country were left to starve or perish of disease; their leaders were robbed by the government, slighted, distrusted. It was the English people that defeated the Armada, not the Queen or the government; and by the "people" we mean gentry and commoners alike. Statesmen and diplomats seem chiefly to have been a hindrance. Most of the glory fell on Elizabeth and her counsellors; but the admirals and sailors did the work—men o

Plymouth but not of Plymouth only ; and it is of these that we must think, or of such grand circles as that of Shakespeare and his fellows, when we remember the " spacious days " of the Virgin Queen. Something was done later towards raising a second Armada, and there were many scares of invasion. Plymouth was further strengthened and the same spirit was ready to meet all comers ; but the next large struggle in which the town figured gallantly was of a very different nature. It was for the popular cause against a royalty that had not often treated the West of England with generosity or discernment.



VI. THE *MAYFLOWER*

IT is fitting that the great tale of Elizabethan sea-glory has been most attractively told by two Devonshire men—by Froude in history, by Kingsley in romance. There is another story to be told, of interest to Britain and America alike ; it holds the record of “Pilgrims” whose proposed destination was a New World both material and spiritual, and who succeeded best in the first portion of their aim. Of necessity they carried the Old World with them, its passions and propensities. In the earlier days of a more conventional pilgrimage, Plymouth had been one of the licensed ports for the sailing of travellers for the Continental sacred places ; and at one time (Richard II.) this privilege was granted to two sea-ports alone, Plymouth being one and Dover the other.

With whatever pious intention the old pilgrims sailed, it is clear that they sometimes did so with a view to making the best of both worlds ; a good deal of smuggling was combined with their voyages, and special watch could be kept at a few restricted ports to see that revenues were not defrauded. With the Reformation the old mode of pilgrimage died out, and a new mode, with more obvious and perhaps greater results, began. In a real sense Plymouth became the birthplace of New England. But it was Newfoundland, not the mainland, that was first gained for England by the expedition of Sir Humphry Gilbert in 1583, and it was the Newfoundland trade that most benefited West of England ports during many subsequent years. This honour must be given to Dartmouth, for Gilbert was a Dartmouth man. His last recorded words, " Heaven is as near by water as by land," give us the temper of the man. In the following year Raleigh opened a tract of country which he named Virginia in honour of his Queen ; and in 1585 a colony was planted on Roanoke Island by Sir Richard Grenville. These settlers soon had to be rescued by Drake. A second and a third colony were attempted, but again unsuccessfully, Raleigh making many efforts to discover and save the survivors ; they perished either of famine or through the enmity of the natives. In spite of such failure the idea of colonisation was not allowed to drop. The earliest enterprises were on too small a scale ; mere handfuls of colonists were left to their own resources, and could not cope with the obstacles and perils that beset them. But some of the glory of Elizabeth's reign was to pass over into that of her successor ; and it was left to the Stuart period to accomplish that in which the greater era had been foiled.

In 1606 James I. granted a charter which apportioned Virginia to two companies, the London Company and that known as the Plymouth Company, in which Bristol and Exeter were also concerned. The two companies were given rights of self-control, coinage, etc. ; but to avoid friction were not to approach within 100 miles of each other. That of London succeeded in its object, establishing Jamestown, which was thus the first English settlement of New England that endured ; but the Plymouth expedition made no permanent footing for a time. But as the spot at which the *Mayflower* Pilgrims settled in 1620 is marked Plymouth in a map dated 1616, it seems probable that the earlier expedition left its name there, if no more ; while the fact that signs of cultivation were noted by the newcomers points to more definite trace. In the memorable year 1620 a charter was given to a newly formed " Council of Plymouth " for the planting and ruling of New England ; but before this could do much, a greater thing was achieved by a party of voluntary and unauthorised adventurers, setting sail from their native-land with religious rather than commercial intent. When we think of early English settlement in America, it is the *Mayflower* that dominates our mind ; and we pay to the Pilgrim Fathers a tribute which is at least partially due to the bold voyagers and the less fortunate settlers who preceded them. A small body of devoted Puritans has in some measure eclipsed all the foregoing ventures of such men as Drake and Raleigh, Hawkins, Gilbert and Grenville. But these have retained their fame in other fields ; they were explorers and pioneers, not settlers.

The point must be emphasised that the voyagers in the *Mayflower*, though they sailed from Plymouth, were not Plymouth men. They were a party of

Puritans who had left England to seek fuller freedom of worship, and had settled for a time first at Amsterdam, then at Leyden. Their condition was not comfortable ; they differed among themselves, and were in danger of political or other interference. A number of them decided to abandon Europe, and seek entire liberty elsewhere. They purchased the *Speedwell*, a vessel of 60 tons, from the Dutch, making a bad bargain ; and this boat brought them to England, but was not seaworthy for the longer voyage. In England the Pilgrims obtained a better ship, the *Mayflower* of 180 tons. The first sailing, of the two vessels in company, was from Southampton ; it was only the accident of the *Speedwell's* unworthiness that gave Plymouth the distinction of being the last port-of-sail. On September 6, 1620, the *Mayflower* parted with those friends whose hearts had failed, and with a fervent send-off from the townsfolk set sail for Virginia, for which country they held a Patent. It was stress of weather that took them to the part of the American mainland that had been recently named New England. The boat carried 100 emigrants, besides its crew. On November 9 they made Cape Cod, and coasted along its shores. After several landings that led to no settlement, they came in December to a spot named Patuxet by the Indians, and which, as the map of 1616 proves, had already been named Plymouth. Whether the new settlers were aware of this or not, they gave the name of Plymouth to their infant colony, "in a grateful memory," as Prince says, "of the Christian friends they found at Plymouth in England, as of the last town they left in that their native-land." As their patent applied to Virginia and not New England, they were in a sense illicit adventurers ; and they drew up a Solemn Contract

of self-government, the germ of America's constitution, to provide against symptoms of insubordination that had begun to manifest themselves. To this the men set their signatures, being with their families 101 in all. It is not possible to trace one Plymouth or even one Devon name among these signatures. Plymouth men had set their mark plentifully along these shores; they not only founded the settlement at Portland but had much to do with the colonising of Massachusetts; but their connection with New Plymouth was one of name only, except that their port had seen the last of the *Mayflower*. As a matter of fact, it is probable that more of the old Pilgrim strain survives at Duxbury, to which many of the Plymouth Pilgrims removed about ten years after their arrival; and this town seems to have been named by the celebrated Miles Standish, who was born at the older Duxbury in Lancashire. He was one of the more attractive of the Pilgrim leaders; Longfellow has told us something about him:

"In the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims."

A fine monument to his memory stands on Captain's Hill.

Nothing more can here be said of early New England history. As Max O'Rell once wittily said, the Pilgrims first fell upon their knees and then fell upon the aborigines; and the frivolous epigram fairly accurately condenses the true state of things. Times and conditions were rough, and the Puritan fathers were stern practical men, of harsh superstitions and little sentimental humanitarianism. With the greatest of charity towards them, and with full admiration of their courage and endurance, we have to recognise that they brought much bigotry,

much intolerance, and no little cruelty with them from the Old World ; yet men of gentler blood would probably have failed to do what they did.

In the meantime the authorised Plymouth Company, under men like Gorges and Mason, Trelawny, Winter, Cleeves, proceeded to plant the coasts of Maine ; and with these there was something less of rigid Puritanism, something more of the old Elizabethan venture-spirit. Gorges, a truly notable man, had been governor of Plymouth Fort. Some of these men remained ardently loyalist, others were republican ; those differences were already in existence that led ultimately to the Declaration of Independence on the one side, and the loyalism of Canada on the other. A few words must be said of the town that is the oldest of the many New World Plymouths. It stands on a fine bay, 37 miles south of Boston, and is the shire-town of Plymouth County. A grand canopy marks the rock on which the Pilgrims landed, and by this memorial New Plymouth joins hands with the historic Barbican of the older town, on which is recorded the departure of the *Mayflower*. Some relics of that day are preserved in the Pilgrims' Hall of the American town ; and Leyden Street, embodying a remembrance of the Dutch exile, claims to be the oldest street in New England, though its present buildings are quite modern. The town, whose population in 1910 was 12,141, has a fair amount of commerce in fishery and iron-goods, and its cordage factories were at one time the largest in the world. Its celebration of 1920 as the Tercentenary of its birth is an event of not merely local importance ; all America is interested, the entire English-speaking world feels sympathy. Not least is the sympathy of the mother-Plymouth, looking across three centuries to those days when

she was herself in some sense a child, as compared with the energies and activities of to-day, but a child that had already done and suffered much in the process that has gone to make two great peoples.

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VII. CIVIL WAR AND SIEGE

THOUGH some elements that might have caused domestic strife had thus removed themselves across the Atlantic, enough remained behind to bring more troublous times than had been dreamed of. The spirit of the age was changing, and Western loyalty was hard tested. In 1625 Charles made an attempt to arouse the old enthusiasm by planning his ill-fated expedition against Cadiz ; he mustered a large fleet in the Sound, and an army of 10,000 men were encamped on the Hoe, mainly at the town's expense ; it was starved and ill-clad, mutinous, and attacked by pestilence. The King came hither in person, and was well entertained ; but his presence only accomplished an appearance of betterment, and when the ships sailed for Spain some vessels were actually panic-stricken before losing sight of the coast. The miseries suffered before and after this disgraceful failure did much to unsettle the district ; pestilence, neglect, shameful inefficiency, are not encouragers of loyalty. No better success attended the Duke of Buckingham's attempt at the relief of Rochelle in 1628, in which Plymouth was again the headquarters of mismanagement and inefficiency. Starvation, neglect, misery, were still the reward of English soldiers and sailors ; and Plymouth in particular suffered much from the iniquities of Buckingham, with his tool the " bottomless Bagge ; " so that the town was entirely at one with Sir John

Eliot of St. Germans when he toiled and endured for the impeachment of the Duke. To add to the discontent, the Star Chamber encroached on the privileges of St. Andrew's Church. Knowing these things—knowing also that James I. had cruelly beheaded Raleigh, one of the idols of the West—it is not surprising that Plymouth was ready to adopt the cause of Parliament as soon as the smouldering broke into flame ; what is really surprising is that so many men of the West, sorely though they disapproved of much that the King had done, still clung to their traditional loyalties. Their devotion and self-sacrifice appeal nobly to the imagination ; the glamour of romance and of much wonderful success attaches to their endeavours ; but, in spite of one's own prejudices, it is impossible to deny that Plymouth, when she adopted the Parliamentary side, was fighting for righteous causes. There were great and good men on both sides in those days.

When the Civil War broke out in 1642 there was an earnest desire in the West that a local treaty of neutrality might be framed ; men of Devon and Cornwall, however willing to help the King or the Parliament elsewhere, did not desire to fight against each other or to bring the sufferings of internal conflict to their own firesides. Here as in other parts it was generally found that the towns, or trading interests, adopted the Parliamentary cause, while the village and country interests were with the King. Of course it soon proved that neutrality was impossible ; and instead of remaining within a charmed circle of peace the West became the scene of much severe struggle. At one time it became almost certain that the ultimate issue of the great strife depended on events in these parts ; and Plymouth was called upon to play a leading part.

Its position in the West Country was the unpopular one ; it was hemmed around with Royalists and had to struggle in isolation ; and yet it sent one of the most Royalist of members to the Long Parliament—Robert Trelawny, who died in prison for his opinions. Plymouth did not share these opinions ; it had suffered too much from royal mismanagement ; its shipping had been preyed upon by pirates against which the royal navy gave little assistance ; its resources had been drained by unprofitable and useless armies. A few years earlier the Devon men would have helped themselves, especially against foes from the sea ; but the feeling was beginning to spread that it is the duty of a government to govern, and to govern justly. Even in its present sore straits, stricken by pestilence, its fortifications for the most part ruinous, its own position was realised as of the greatest importance ; both sides knew that Plymouth even more than Exeter was the key of the West. Its very sufferings and in some sense its degradation aroused a stiff spirit of opposition ; and though there was naturally some division of opinion, the town declared for that which it believed to be the national right. Whatever his personal virtues may have been, Charles's government was injuring the country, at home and abroad, by its favouritism, corruption, and unwise autocracy. This was fully realised by many who still, from sheer loyalty, clave to the King's side.

In that day the site of Plymouth approached even more nearly to the insular that it does at present ; the waters of Millbay, Stonehouse Creek, and the Laira, flowed over ground that has since been regained. Though thus strongly defensible, its danger was from the neighbouring heights that commanded it, especially from the batteries of

Mount Batten and Mount Edgcumbe ; and these would have given attackers an assured success had the artillery of that time been more effective. The first assault was made in December, 1642, by Sir Ralph Hopton, a very gallant and efficient Somerset man, who accomplished many great things during the war—but the fall of Plymouth was not amongst them. The town was commanded by Colonel Ruthven, (not to be confounded with the Earl Ruthven who fought for the King) ; and Drake's Island was entrusted to Sir Alexander Carew. This commander had been compelled to abandon Plympton ; but the defences hastily thrown up, slight though they were, enabled the Plymouthians to hold the Royalists at bay around the Laira. When the foiled army fell back on Modbury, Ruthven followed them up with a cleverly executed attack, in which only one of his men was killed. Many leading King's-men were captured and despatched by sea to London. Encouraged by his success, Ruthven made an incursion into Cornwall, but was defeated by Hopton at Bradock Down, and shortly after had to fly from Saltash. Hopton was soon busy with Plymouth again, assisted by such noted Royalist leaders as Bevil Grenville, Slanning, Trevanion, whose names recall the melancholy popular couplet :

“ The four wheels of Charles's Wain,
Grenville, Godolphin, Trevanion, Slanning, slain.

Once again Hopton was forced to retire, by another defeat at Modbury. An eager attempt was now made to withdraw Devon and Cornwall from the conflict, and though it failed it gave Plymouth a breathing-space. A good deal of skirmishing further afield led to the utter rout of the Parliamentarians at Stratton ; which victory brought about the great

eastward march of the Royalists, ending in what may be called their disastrous triumph at Lansdown, outside Bath, where many of their bravest leaders were killed. Profiting by some months of comparative quiet, the town greatly improved its defences. On the high ground between Stonehouse and Lipson five forts were raised, joined by rampart and trench ; these consisted of the so-called New Work at Eldad, with the forts of Pennycomequick, Maudlin, Holywell and Lipson ; there were also detached redoubts at Stonehouse and near Lipson Mill. In addition to these there were the town's own strong walls, specially strengthened where they abutted on the Hoe, with a fort on the Hoe itself ; a powerful work, Fort Stamford, commanding the Catwater ; and other minor defences at Laira Point and elsewhere. These may not all have been the creation of the moment ; earlier exigences had demanded a stout defence ; but they were all repaired and utilised now, and for the most part they proved effective. In August, 1643, a blockade was begun by Colonel Digby ; and shortly afterwards the town was relieved from a grave danger by the discovery of an attempted treason on the part of Carew, who was plotting to surrender Drake's Island to the King. Detected in time, and in great risk of lynching—or, as we should say locally, of "Lydford Law"—from the populace, Carew was sent to London and there suffered for his treachery. The Plymouth men, reinforced from Portsmouth, made a successful attack across the Catwater ; and in the meantime, Prince Maurice, who had captured Exeter, being engaged outside Dartmouth, other much needed reinforcements were thrown into the town. And yet the position was apparently desperate ; Dartmouth fell, and all the country round Plymouth lay in Royalist hands.

With wise strategic intent, the Cavaliers made an assault on Fort Stamford, and in spite of much heroic resistance that post had to be yielded ; the King's-men thus gaining entire command of the Catwater from the eastern side, and a powerful emplacement, as it would appear, for ordnance directed against the town itself. Fired by this success, Prince Maurice summoned Plymouth to surrender without further bloodshed ; but a stern refusal was the answer, and the loss of Fort Stamford did not prove fatal. More perilous still was a moment when, guided by deserters, a party of Royalists surprised Laira fort in the rear. Seeing the danger, the townsmen sallied forth in some strength, and would have mastered the assailing party had not an alarm brought Maurice with powerful troops to the rescue. Another rally near Lipson Fort held the Cavaliers in play till more help arrived from the town ; and it was now the turn of the King's-men to fall back, which they did so hurriedly as to lose many in the waters of Laira Creek. Another success, in repulsing an attack at Pennycomequick, gave more brightness still to this " Sabbath-day fight," (Sunday, December 3) ; and a few weeks after these dispiriting reverses the Prince raised the siege. It seems that, on this occasion, the vessels in the harbour were not very zealous ; but they roused themselves on seeing the Parliamentary triumph, and did something to harass the broken Royalists. This, the most decisive and important engagement of the whole siege, is commemorated by a monument in Freedom Park, and in the Guildhall. It is related that at this time, the town being reduced to great privation, the people were wonderfully helped by numbers of pilchards, which swarmed into the harbour and were caught in baskets. It was now that Plymouth

adopted her motto, *Turris fortissima est Nomen Jehova*. But though the siege was raised, the blockade continued, under a change of command on both sides. A third defeat of Hopton at Modbury saved the town from a renewed investment; and then, after a short respite devoted to the reparation of defences, the advance of Richard Grenville threatened danger. This Grenville was a far different man from the noble Bevil who died at Lansdown, and very different also from that earlier Sir Richard whose name lives gloriously in connection with the *Revenge*; this Richard was "skellum Grenville," "renegade Grenville," for he had first been a Parliamentarian; and there are worse blots on his character than that of changing sides during a national struggle. But it is not possible to give a full account of the attacks and repulses, the sallies and retreats, of this prolonged and most obstinate siege.

The town was doing a great thing by its resistance; it was giving employment and delay to large numbers of Cavalier troops that would otherwise have been active elsewhere; and it was doing this at a time when the Roundhead cause seemed hopeless throughout the West. Relief came for a moment when Essex marched westward; but his forces had to surrender to the King, who was operating here in person, at Boconnoc, in August, 1644. Robartes, whose house at Lanhydrock had fallen to the King, escaped to Plymouth and was made governor. The town was now approached by Charles himself, making his headquarters at Widey House; but the royal leader could do no better than his followers had done. Yet the town was really in a bad way; provisions were scarce, the people were tired and dejected, a spirited general assault at this time must have been successful. Urgent appeals for help were

sent to Parliament, representing that Plymouth, "a place of greatest concernment next to London." should be saved for the cause in which it had stood so firm. Robartes knew the danger and was anything but hopeful; but the townsfolk once more rose to the occasion, and the King evidently was not aware of his opportunity. He sent a messenger offering forgiveness and a continuance of all the town's privileges, but the defenders were not to be moved; and in about a fortnight, becoming impatient, Charles moved off, leaving the blockade to Grenville. This leader, with a force of 6000 men, made a fierce attack, taking four of the northward line of forts; but was ultimately driven from all with considerable slaughter. There was another equally decisive action at Fort Stamford, when the town, with cavalry and naval men and a good show of artillery, drove the Cavaliers from their restored stronghold, many prisoners and much spoil being the result. After this the garrison resumed the offensive, capturing St. Budeaux, Kinterbury, Saltash and Buckland. In 1645, Grenville having proved utterly unreliable, Digby once more took up his abortive task, and attempted to bribe Colonel Ker, commanding the garrison, with a large sum of money and military honours; the Roundhead leader indignantly declined. The last hopes of the royal cause were now fading, and the West, the scene of its most brilliant exploits, was in the hands of its enemy; even Mount Edgumbe, long and bravely held, had been forced to surrender. In January, 1646, news came of the advance of Fairfax; the siege of Plymouth was immediately and finally relinquished. The town had done its part nobly and been true to its convictions from start to finish. Had it fallen, a different end might have crowned the war. On whatever side our

own sympathies may lie, we can only feel admiration for this great and patient defence. A big price had been paid ; of the citizens 2000 died in excess of the usual death-rate, and it is estimated that the siege cost in all 8000 lives. Judged by recent standards, this seems a small number ; it was large in those days of little population, when important battles were often decided by quite insignificant bodies of soldiery.

Relieved from its danger, there was reaction in Plymouth ; the lack of food and the ruined condition of many townsfolk caused much trouble ; there were mutinies and disturbances. Parliament promised help, but was slow in sending it ; only a fear that the town's condition might encourage renewed royalist attempts (for loyalty to the King never wholly died in the West) hastened a supply of grants and a temporary removal of excise-duties. Having done so much, the town thought itself neglected. Its prosperity had received a severe blow, from which it took long to recover.

VIII. FROM ONE REVOLUTION TO ANOTHER

PLYMOUTH during the Commonwealth seems to have been somewhat restless and troubled. The town had lost much by the long siege, and there was an atmosphere of reaction, a sense that changes of government had not brought a Golden Age after all. But Cromwell, who came here with Fairfax after the siege, fully realised the naval importance of the place, and intended to make the best use of it. Blake, with headquarters at Plymouth, was deputed to guard the shores. Even after the execution of Charles, the West was not considered quite safe; and the ease with which the Restoration was accomplished at a later date proves how superficial had been the country's acceptance of republicanism. At this time the isles of Scilly, under the brave Sir John Grenville, were still holding out, and were a peril to all shipping that made the Channel from the westward. The Prince of Wales himself had taken refuge here for a few weeks in 1645, and Scilly became for a time a royalist rallying-place. It favoured doings that were more like piracy than actual warfare; the old privateering spirit had not wholly died out. Plymouth was not thought safe while this hornet's nest remained; and at last the islands were stormed, Grenville, having surrendered on terms, being brought away by Sir George Ayscue. In the mean-

time trouble was brewing with the Dutch, who bid fair to be the new dominant naval power. Cromwell was doing his best to revive a national navy, but the Dutch proved a fair match for it. In 1662, while Blake was busy with Van Tromp, Ayscue had a serious tussle with De Ruyter; both fleets suffered severely, and Ayscue had to seek protection under the Plymouth forts. As De Ruyter was too much damaged to attempt anything further, and the English too weak to pursue him when he sailed off, the battle may be considered drawn, with a balance in favour of the Hollander. But the English commander redeemed that balance later, and many Dutch ships were taken. Captain Heaton also, in 1655, overcame a much stronger fleet of Dutchmen by cleverly concealing his own weakness, and his prisoners actually outnumbered their capturers. All this brought activity, excitement, and something still more tangible, to Plymouth; the Commonwealth, though impecunious and somewhat grasping, allowed prize-money. These doings somehow lack the fine air of adventure and romance that we associate with the earlier naval days; but they made Plymouth a bustling place, and apparently a rather intemperate one. A report was sent to the government that "the abominable strong drink brewed in this town is of more prejudice to the State and the borough than the heads of all the brewers and ale-house keepers are worth." Hatsell, the governor of the castle, who made this report and who would have delighted modern Prohibitionists, was clearly at variance with the corporation in this matter. We cannot say that Puritanism had brought drunkenness, but certainly the two kept pretty close company. It was not the fault of the more devout Roundheads, but was the natural condition of such a port as

Plymouth, filled with riotous sailors and discontented soldiers.

The religious changes of the day evidently much affected the town. Many Puritan ministers had taken refuge within its walls during the war, and assisted the congregations that were already established. They were now in the sunshine ; shadow had fallen on those who were faithful to episcopacy. Some of the local pastors were men of gift and unquestionable sincerity ; such was George Hughes, who became minister of St. Andrew's, and whose religious writings were much admired by Baxter. Another Presbyterian held the pulpit of the uncompleted and unconsecrated Charles Church. Abraham Cheare was pastor of the Baptists ; he was a writer in prose and verse, of some quaint merit. The records of the Baptists date from 1648, and their first meeting-house was in the present Bedford Street. There were Quakers here also. In 1655 George Fox came to Plymouth. He tells us that " after having refreshed ourselves at our inn, we went to Robert Cary's house, where we had a very precious meeting. At this meeting was one Elizabeth Trelawny, daughter to a baronet ; she being somewhat dull of hearing came close to me, and placed her ear very near me while I spoke ; and she was convinced. After the meeting some jangling Baptists came in, but the Lord's power prevailed over them, and Elizabeth Trelawny gave testimony thereto. A fine meeting was settled there in the Lord's power, which has continued ever since ; where many faithful friends have been convinced." Fox paid other visits to the town during his western tours. The meeting of which he speaks had been established shortly before his coming. It did not escape persecution, for all parties agreed in hatred of Quakerism.

By no means all religious intolerance had left England in the *Mayflower*. For instance, a poor girl in sickly health was cast into a cell, and left there without even straw to lie on, because she was detected coming from a forbidden meeting. Many Quakers were imprisoned, and some publicly whipped. The ruling Presbyterians were rigid disciplinarians, and laid their hand heavily not only on Quakers. In 1659 a man was brought before them for punishment because he had walked on the Hoe during sermon-time—and sermon-time, as we know, was of terribly long duration. But time's revenges came with the Restoration; it was then the fate of the Presbyterians and Baptists to suffer in full measure that which they had served out to church-folk, Quakers, and the uncomplying public generally.

When that day dawned Plymouth proved quite ready to accommodate itself, though with many tremors and anticipation of trouble. Apart from religious extremists, the republican element was never overwhelming in England, and especially not so in the West; the people had little quarrel with royalty so long as the government was moderate and constitutional. All the commotion had been caused by the most blind folly on the part of the Stuarts; and now they were to be given a second chance. It cannot be said that they did much better. When Charles II. was proclaimed the Plymouth conduits ran for two days with wine, and we must imagine that the old intemperance was not thereby lessened. But public rejoicings and gifts to the King could not save the town from the consequences of its past behaviour. There was, of course, a clearance of Presbyterians and others from Church pulpits. Hughes and Thomas Martyn were sent to Drake's Island, then used as a prison; Cheare was placed in

Exeter gaol. Drake's, then St. Nicholas' Island, was given some notable prisoners; one of these was John Lambert, the famous Cromwellian general who upset the brief rule of the Protector's son but was himself ultimately foiled by Monk. Charles II. dealt very vindictively with him; he was first confined at Guernsey, and then for many years on this islet. It was certainly here that he died in 1683, though some have said that he died at Guernsey. Though vain and ambitious, he was a generous and kind-hearted man, with some devotion to art, and a great lover of flowers. Harrington, the author of the utopian "*Oceana*," a work of real merit and in some sense a counterpart to Hobbes' "*Leviathan*," was also confined here, but afterwards allowed to live in Plymouth. His mind became disordered, partly, it is said, through an excessive use of guaiacum as recommended by a Plymouth physician, Dr. Dunstan.

But it was not enough to punish and overawe; Charles wanted to feel that this naval key of the West was absolutely secure in his hands. If ready to forgive—and he was not always that—he was certainly unwilling to forget. It was in full remembrance of the great siege that the citadel was commenced, in 1666, however much this might ostensibly be done in defence against foreign enemies. The very ornate gateway of this somewhat cumbrous erection bears the date 1670, the year of its completion. It was obviously intended quite as much to command the town itself as to cover its sea-approaches; and no consideration was shown to the citizens when a large slice of the Hoe and other ground was taken without parleying or concession. Sir John Grenville, the son of the noble Sir Bevil, now created Earl of Bath, was intimately concerned

in the new structure, and when he handed its key to the King on its completion, the key was returned to him as its first governor ; his arms survive on the gateway. Charles seems to have paid at least two visits to the town during this work, on the second of which he was accompanied by the Duke of York, afterwards James II. They arrived in a pleasure-yacht from Portsmouth, landing at the Barbican on July 17, 1671. The corporation dutifully presented a purse of gold and much popular satisfaction was shown ; but the mayor distinctly revealed a lack of tact when he invited Charles to view the fortifications which had withstood the recent siege. Instead of doing this, the King took a boat for Mount Edgumbe, where there were more loyal memories to be revived. He made other excursions around the neighbourhood, and " touched for the evil about eighteen persons."

When he left, " the great guns both from the fort and land gave him a very loud farewell." These loyally protesting folk appear to have been entirely unconscious that their new proud stronghold was chiefly intended to keep themselves in order ; and the King himself can never have dreamed that this would be the first fortification to be delivered later, to the Prince of Orange, his family's triumphant enemy. Charles paid another visit in 1676, and touched for " the evil " at St. Andrew's. On this occasion the Duke of Albemarle (the second duke) and many others were admitted to the freedom of the borough. This title of Albemarle must not be confused with the Norman Albemarles who left their name at Stoke Damerel, nor with the present line of earls. Shortly afterwards, Charles came once more, with the view of prospecting for a proposed dockyard ; it is clear that he had some discernment

as to the requirements of his country, but the dock-yards at Plymouth were not destined to be associated with his name. Before long, we find the town suspected of disaffection, not without cause ; Charles was wearing out his welcome as king—once more it was not royalty that was disliked, but its misuse. In Plymouth itself there was still a strong leaven of the old Commonwealth element among the members of the corporation ; and the citizens were summoned to surrender their charter, to be replaced by an amended one. The new charter (1684) somewhat restricted its privileges, and nominated known Royalists for the corporation.

By this time the town had begun to thrive again, after the depression and indeed ruin caused by the siege ; it had much sea-borne commerce, energetic merchants, prosperous fishery, and there was some good tin-mining at no great distance. A contemporary rhyme in dialect tells us that

“ The streets be pight of shindle stone,
Doe glissen like the sky-a.
The shops stan ope and all yeere long
Ize think a faire there bee-a.”

There is not much left to show us what this glistening and wonderful place was like, though traces linger around the Barbican and in a few of the older streets. We shall gain a better idea, perhaps, by visiting such towns as Dartmouth or Looe, where the changes demanded by advancing growth have been less drastic. But there are some old drawings to assist our imaginations ; views of the former Old Town Street, of the Four Castles and Noah's Ark inns, of the meat and corn markets, of Pin's Lane, and the old Passage House inn at Cattedown, give us a conception of what Plymouth was like. There are engravings also that not only show us buildings

now vanished, but illustrate the daily life of their inhabitants. Such is the picture of the execution of two women on Cattedown in 1679; they were convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged, the younger woman to be first burned. Happily mercy prevailed, and the hanging was allowed to precede the burning. Many thousands of persons crowded to witness this horrible spectacle. An earlier and more famous Plymouth murder, that of the merchant "Page of Plymouth," took place in 1591, but in this case the perpetrators were not executed here; its chief interest is that it suggested a once popular play by Ben Jonson and Dekker, as well as several broadside ballads.

Of the brief but eventful reign of James II. there is little to say in connection with Plymouth. The unhappy attempt of the Duke of Monmouth, with its disastrous ending, chiefly concerned the people of Dorset and Somerset, though there was much sympathy with its cause, and some active participation among Devonians. Politically, this attempt was made a little too early; the opportunity had not come; James had not yet fully revealed his intentions. It is certain that the Duke of Monmouth would have been a poor substitute for the strong and wise ruler who was to be William III. The country was in no condition to endure another weak king. But though bearing little part in this untimely revolt, the West was deeply stirred by the affair of the Seven Bishops, among whom were Ken of Bath and Wells, and Trelawny of Bristol. Trelawny's fate, as a Cornishman, specially agitated the Duchy, as we learn from Hawker's popular ballad. His brother, Charles Trelawny, governor of Plymouth in 1696, commanded a regiment for James II., but later was fighting for William at the Boyne. It took much to

disturb the loyalty of this famous family, but the last reigning Stuart accomplished it. An earlier Trelawny, Robert, had been much engaged in the planting of New England, and later, as Mayor and Member for the town, was one of the staunchest of Royalists. But in spite of traditions, the West never became a stronghold of Jacobites, during the years that were to follow this diversion of dynasty. The evils of Stuart rule had been felt too intimately and too pressingly.



PLYMOUTH DOCK FROM MOUNT EDGCUMBE.

FROM A DRAWING BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

IX. THE BIRTH AND GROWTH OF THE DOCKYARDS

IT was at Brixham that the Prince of Orange made his landing in 1688, and Exeter was the first considerable town to welcome him ; but it was the support of Plymouth, as Freeman says, that made him master of the West. Once again, as in the Civil War, Plymouth's attitude had results of national importance. In Yonge's Memoirs we read that during "the Mayoralty of William Symons God wrought a wonderful deliverance in these kingdoms in rescuing us from Popery and slavery by bringing over the Prince of Orange with a fleet and some land forces, who went ashore at Torbay, the 5th day of November, 1688, without any opposition, and so marched for Exon, where the gentry and country flocked unto him. Soon after all the townes and garrisons in England declared for him, Plymouth being the first." It was Grenville, Earl of Bath, who as governor made the official surrender, but he seems to have felt a little hesitation, as was excusable in one with such strong Cavalier traditions. He had been authorised by James to remove most of the restrictions on the tin-trade, to secure the attachment of the miners, who were a real power in the western counties ; but this temptation was refused. Whatever may have been the Earl's private feelings, and however hearty was the approval of the citizens,

it is certain that there was much disaffection towards William in the garrison ; and perhaps Grenville felt that he must walk warily. In any case, he detected or pretended to detect a plot by Lord Huntingdon, to take his life and seize the Citadel for James. The evidence is not quite clear, but Huntingdon and some of his officers were arrested.

The fleet that had brought the Prince afterwards sailed from Torbay into Plymouth ; and from Plymouth in the following year troops were despatched to Ireland, when James made his effort that came to disaster at the Boyne. Sea and land forces were busy at this time ; the French were assisting James, and their privateers were infesting the Channel. Plymouth was a rendezvous of troops as well as sailors ; the town was overcrowded, and was once again heavily stricken with pestilence. At the same time there was certainly a fair amount of Jacobite feeling smouldering in Cornwall, some of which reached the town itself ; the banished King's proclamations were at times posted on the walls. Had James been a stronger man he might probably have regained his crown ; but then, had he been a strong and wise man he would never have lost it. As it was, these first years of William III. were years of divided feeling and unsettlement. The French fleet, under the skilful De Tourville, aroused some dread even among the descendants of the old sea-dogs. It had routed the English and Dutch vessels off Beachy Head, an event which led to the court-martialling of the English admiral, Lord Torrington. The action had been unduly pushed by the rashness of the Dutchmen, scorning the Englishman's counsels of prudence ; English and Dutch together were greatly outnumbered, and the result was not so shameful as appeared. Torrington was acquitted ;

but in the meantime De Tourville had the Channel at his mercy. A few days of Drake and Hawkins would have been invaluable. Plymouth now actually feared a revival of the old French landings that had wrought such havoc, and new defences were hastily thrown up. De Tourville returned to Torbay; many of his vessels were galleys, which were an astonishing sight to the land-folk. But something of the old-time manhood was roused, and the Frenchman could accomplish nothing more serious than his destructive landing at Teignmouth, when that ancient port and present charming watering-place suffered seriously. This was in 1690. There was something of revenge in the following year, when the convoy of some Plymouth merchantmen overcame the French *Superbe*, and 400 of her survivors were brought in.

In the face of growing naval needs, and of constant dangers from abroad, it was clear that Plymouth's old accommodation for the docking and repair of vessels was quite inadequate. Such building and repairing yards as there were, chiefly on the Turnchapel side of the Catwater, were apparently private undertakings. Old Plymouth itself had its Ordnance Stores and Victualling offices; but it had long been seen that Sutton Pool and the Catwater were not enough, though they had done such good service in the past. Raleigh had long since urged a fuller use of the Hamoaze. A magnificent harbourage was lying comparatively idle. There had been a proposal for a dock at Saltash in the time of Charles I., when the notorious Bagge came to view the spot; but the good people of that riverside village seem to have objected to the interferences with their gardens and their fishery. Their choice of an undisturbed rural felicity instead of the bustle

and wealth that a thriving dockyard would have brought, is quite admirable and a little Arcadian. Perhaps there were other causes. But the time was coming when Saltash would look across the river and see what it had missed. Unquestionably the eastern bank was the more suitable. During one of his visits, Charles II., who in spite of a well-known epigram sometimes did wise things, examined the locality with a view to dock-building, which he had already accomplished at Sheerness. The eastern end of the Channel was now fairly well provided for; besides the new dock at Sheerness itself there were others at Deptford and Woolwich, Chatham and Portsmouth. Where Charles had realised the possibilities of the Tamar, it was not likely that William would be blind to them, even though his own propensities were military, not naval. He saw for himself what could be done at Plymouth; and in 1691 he set a commission to work, one of whose foremost members was Henry Greenhill, brother of the distinguished painter John Greenhill. A spot named Point Froward, where there was a convenient creek, was selected for the beginning; it lay within the old manor of Stoke Damerel, but a portion now attached to Mount Wise, so named from the local Wises. There were no nearer houses than a few fishermen's huts on the Stonehouse bank; the land was covered with bush and brake. It was reached from Plymouth by a ferry where now stands Stonehouse bridge; and such roads as were worn by the heavy traffic became practically impassable. Those who came to work at the new undertaking had either to find a lodging in Stonehouse or Stoke, or to tramp from Plymouth; to remedy which, as many as possible were lodged in a ship at night. It was not till 1700 that the first private dwellings were begun

on the spot, and thus arose the settlement first simply called Dock, a small germ of what was to be a large town.

Stoke and Stonehouse have appeared incidentally in this history of the Three Towns, but a word is due to their individual records. It was long before they became in any real sense a part of Plymouth, and they have long nourished pride in their separate identities and greater antiquity. If the ancient burial-place discovered at Stonehouse was Roman, the smaller of the three towns can claim a special distinction, but it is certain that Stoke had much the larger population at the time of the Domesday survey, when it belonged to the Damerel or d'Albemarle family. From these it passed to the Courtenays, later to the Wises, and ultimately, through marriage, to the St. Aubyns. The place did not grow, but remained a mere village till the birth of Dock, and then its future was assured. The first dock consisted of five acres, and the earliest dwelling-house for the dockers was raised at North Corner, close to the landing-place. Old Plymouth had been fostered and fed by the strife with Spain ; the dock was to thrive on wars with France. About forty years after the completion of the original yards, the population was 3361, Plymouth's being about 8000. This difference was soon to be wiped away, with a balance on the other side ; in the early years of the nineteenth century we find Plymouth with only 16,040 as compared with Dock's 23,747. The name Devonport was assumed in 1824. But Plymouth was not finally to be eclipsed ; civil and commercial activities conduce in the long run to a larger population than naval or military. At the 1911 census Devonport's 84,695 was well distanced by Plymouth's 102,042. In the same year Stonehouse's single

inhabitant of Domesday times had grown to 13,754. Stonehouse is still known legally as East Stonehouse ; there was a West Stonehouse across the Tamar, at a time when the Mount Edgcumbe district was a portion of Devonshire. Apparently, Stonehouse was so named from a stone building at a period when such were rare. Passing from the Bastards to the Durnfords, the manor came to the Edgcumbes. Its records are not very plentiful ; but some remains of an old abbey were destroyed by the building of the Naval Hospital ; and a church of St. Lawrence, its site now embraced by the Royal Victualling Yard, stood at Devil's Point. The "devil" here is supposed to be a corruption of the name Duval, and is associated with the colony of Huguenots that came to the neighbourhood about the year 1685. Ecclesiastically, the place undoubtedly derived its name from the Plympton Priory, and it came under the large Plymouth parish of St. Andrew. Its magnificent Victualling Yard takes its name from William IV., in whose reign it was constructed, covering 13 acres, at a cost of two million. The building is of granite and limestone ; and it is estimated that 300,000 tons of rock were removed to make space for the yard and quays. The Royal Marine Barracks were built earlier, in 1784 ; the Naval Hospital in 1762. The growth of Stonehouse has been restricted by its position, but Devonport has been able to expand freely. It has done so at the expense, or we may rather say to the gain, of Keyham, Ford, St. Budeaux, to say nothing of Tor Point and Saltash. A century since, Devonport was strongly fortified. Keyham Steam Factory was begun in 1844 ; the great extension works are much more recent. At Keyham also is the very important training-college for Royal Engineers. But this is a history rather than a

guide-book ; and all details of the locality, with its keenly-pulsing naval and military activities, are easily accessible.

Such, rapidly sketched, being the growth of modern Plymouth, there were still two things necessary for the security of its important harbourage ; the one was a lighthouse on the Eddystone reef, the other was an efficient breakwater against the southerly storms that often rendered the Sound a perilous roadstead. The lighthouse came much the earliest, and its story is like a romance. The Eddystone rocks, covered at high tide, stand fourteen miles S.S.W. of the entrance of the Sound, a constant danger to all Channel traffic. The first serious proposal to erect a light seems to have come from a man named Whitfeld ; but nothing was done till 1696, when an Essex man, Henry Winstanley, a successful mercer, had his attention drawn to the need, by losses of his own cargoes. He was a man of curious and fantastic ingenuity, much given to mechanical invention and amateur engineering. One of his conceptions, a Water Theatre, is mentioned in paper 168 of the *Spectator*, and to visit his house was quite an exciting adventure.

He came to Plymouth and gained the consent of the corporation for his attempt. His rather grotesque wooden structure was prepared on shore, while his workers were busy at the rock, contending with many difficulties. One such difficulty was the attack of French privateers. A vague story has been told, of these lighthouse-workers being taken to France, and released immediately by Louis XIV., who said magnanimously that though he was at war with England he was not at war with humanity. It was an utterance quite in keeping with the age of Corneille and Bossuet ; but the story has been told

in other terms. In the diary of Narcissus Luttrell, under date June 29, 1697, we read :

“ A french privateer has seiz'd Mr. Winstanley ye engineer, together with his workmen as yey were erecting a light house at Eddystone Rock off Plymouth, and carried him to france, destroy'd his work, but left his men behind.”

A few days later there is a further entry :

“ The Lords of the Admiralty have sent to France to have Mr. Winstanley ye engineer (who was taken off Edystone Rock) exchanged according to ye Cartel.”

Exchanged “ according to the cartel ” he was, and an inquiry was instituted as to “ how it happened that the workmen on the Eddystone were soe ill protected that the Engineer was taken.” The light was successfully erected, and survived during several winters, to the surprise of Plymouth town-folk. Its builder felt such confidence that he expressed a wish to be within it through the severest storm that could come ; and he had his wish. The tempest of 1703 became actually historic in its record and importance ; it did immense damage, and supplied a much admired figure for Addison's poem, *The Campaign*. Winstanley happened to be in Plymouth, and he set out for the reef, though warned that bad weather was coming, to attend to some repairs. He chose to pass the night there. When morning dawned every trace of his lighthouse had been swept away. Many vessels perished that night, and the shores of the Sound were strewn with wreckage. The test was the most severe possible, and it is not surprising that the result was disaster ; in no case could such an erection have survived long. Then came the Cornishman Rudyerd, in 1706, and began another wooden structure, which really

endured for half a century. Wind and sea had destroyed Winstanley's work, fire consumed Rudder's; yet it had been a triumph, and it proved conclusively that a permanent light was possible. The keepers were saved, but one of them protested, on landing, that molten lead from the burning tower had dropped down his throat. He was disbelieved, but, on his death within a fortnight, several ounces of metal were found in his body. Trinity House now commissioned John Smeaton, the famous Yorkshireman who engineered the Forth and Clyde Canal, Ramsgate Harbour, and other works. By skilful dovetailing and cementing of granite into the rock, he raised a structure that might have been standing to-day, had not the action of the waves undermined its basis. In 1878 a new lighthouse was begun, its foundation-stone placed by Edward VII., then Prince of Wales, and in 1882 the light was lit. The base of Smeaton's tower was left standing on the reef as a memorial, and as a further memorial its higher portion stands on the Hoe, a record of these difficult and in some degree heroic undertakings. The present tower holds 4668 tons of masonry; its height is 147 feet, and it is visible for about 18 miles on all sides. Landing is seldom easy. When Dr. Johnson came here, in the time of Smeaton's lighthouse, the Commissioners of the Dock lent him a yacht, but the sea would not allow him to disembark.

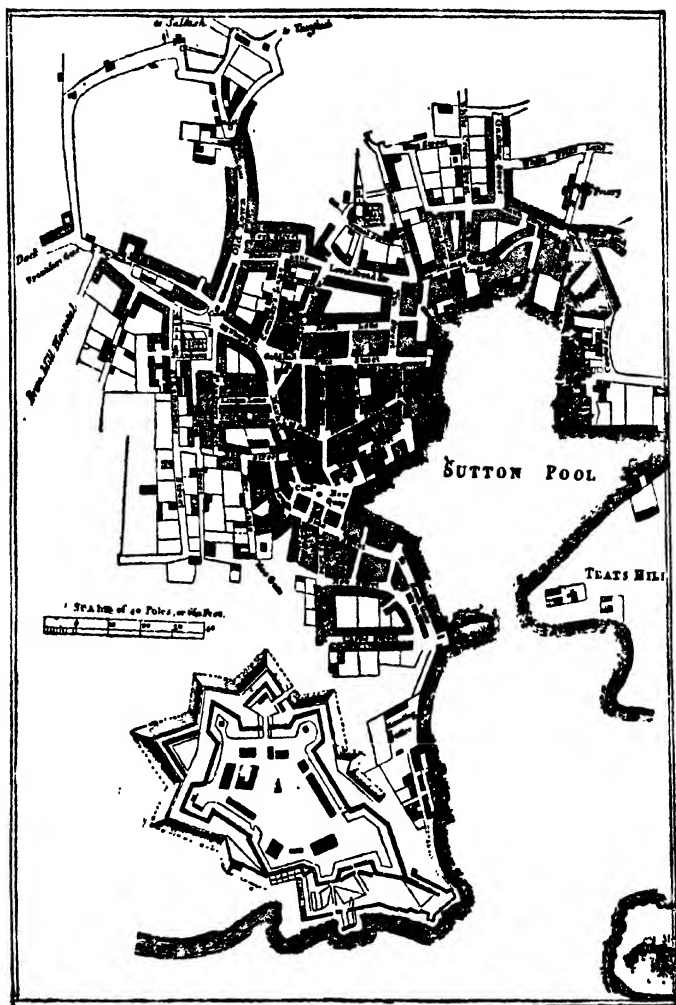
With some disregard of chronology, it may be well to give here a few particulars of the Breakwater. It was planned by the Scotsman John Rennie, and begun in 1812. The Government purchased twenty-five acres of Oreston quarrying-land, and about 4,500,000 tons of limestone were used, together with a large quantity of Dartmoor

granite. The process adopted was to drop the stone from vessels specially fitted with trap-doors, but the seas often shifted the material and delayed progress. The undertaking cost a million and a half of money and more than twenty-eight years of labour. The Breakwater is forty-five feet in width at the top, and stands twenty feet above low water ; the length is nearly a mile. It was completed in 1841, and a lighthouse raised at the western extremity. This grand defence has given the Sound its indisputable superiority to Torbay as an anchoring-ground. Before the Breakwater was raised Torbay had often been preferred, sometimes with disastrous results.

Troubles began anew with the death of William III., and there was some desperate fighting with the French allies of James. In 1702 Captain Leake brought in twenty-seven prizes, and later, after his capture of Majorca and Minorca, he was presented with the freedom of the town. There is no space here to tell of all the doings of old Benbow, Kempenfeldt, and others who made Plymouth busy and merry in the days of Queen Anne. These men were worthy successors of the great Elizabethans. One of them, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, after many gallant exploits, became rear-admiral of England. He was well known in Plymouth. In 1707 his flagship struck the Scillies, and he was lost with about 800 men in that death-trap. The Plymouth doctor, James Yonge, was entrusted with embalming his body. This Yonge, a native of the town, was a noteworthy man ; he was at the bombardment of Algiers in 1662, was surgeon's mate in Lord Sandwich's fleet, made two voyages to Newfoundland, and was surgeon at the Naval Hospital (at a wage, we are told, of five shillings a day). Plymouth was now

running Portsmouth hard in the race for naval glory.

At the death of Queen Anne there is said to have been only one Jacobite in the town, who was set in the pillory. There was now a brief peace between France and England, and the people were hoping for relief from high prices and bad provisions. Such relief, if it came at all, was very short. The Queen gave her name to a battery eastward of the Citadel, long since removed. It is worthy of note that Drake's Island was specially fortified about this time, or a little earlier, as an additional protection of the young Dockyard. In 1703 two naval officers, Kirby and Wade, were shot in Cawsand Bay for cowardice under Benbow, in his great fight with the Frenchman Du Casse. "As for those captains who deserted you, hang them up, for by God they deserve it," wrote the Frenchman after the battle. They were brought to Plymouth, and shot on deck. It is not quite clear whether their behaviour resulted from cowardice, drunkenness, or from a grudge against their chief. That much of the old spirit survived is proved by the fact that a Lieutenant fired a broadside into a peaceable French battleship, because she passed out of harbour at Cawsand without lowering her sails in courtesy; this was the Hawkins's mode of rebuking similar discourtesies. In recognition of Anson's great doings, he was made Lord High Steward of Plymouth. But besides numberless naval and military doings, there were smugglers and highwaymen rampant around the town. A very elaborate and complicated smuggler's cave was found at Stonehouse in 1776; the tale of its career would be an exciting one. Plymouth had many such excitements. Drunkenness was still a prevalent vice. The women were as rough and



PLAN OF PLYMOUTH IN 1765.

adventurous as the men. Some entered the navy in male disguise ; they ran great risks. Naval men of that day were treated with great harshness, not to say cruelty ; a deserter on one occasion suffered 500 lashes and was then shot. This was sheer brutality. Wounded and sick were badly served before the building of the Royal Naval Hospital in 1761. Crews were obtained by the press-gang ; it is astonishing what good seamen were thus procured and what ruffians they often were. At this time wheeled vehicles were practically unknown in the Plymouth district ; transport was done by pack-horses. But in 1760 something like a public omnibus began its career, and about the same time the first stage-coach was plying between Plymouth, Exeter, and London. It was an unruly age ; there were constant civil, political and religious dissensions. John Wesley was here in 1746, and on his second visit he had a very rough reception by a gang of rioters. His quiet courage and patience won them at last. Of the man's own virtue and devotion there can be no doubt ; of the result of his labours there has been question. Hawker, a somewhat prejudiced witness, says that he "found the miners and fishermen an upstanding courageous people ; he left them a down-looking, lying, selfish-hearted throng." The opinion of some others has not been much better, but we should dissociate Wesley from the excesses and accretions that have borne his name. Circles of his followers had already settled in Plymouth, but disturbance soon arose amongst them, and the splits that brought so many differing sects. Such society as crowded the streets of Plymouth is peculiarly liable to be caught by what is known as revivalism ; but then as now the religion that is genuine and humble, a life and not an advertisement,

was comparatively rare though never wholly lacking.

Some idea of the Plymouth of that day may be had from Defoe, who published his "Journey" in 1724. After telling the tale of the Eddystone, he speaks of the Hamoaze and of the new dock. "It is now become as complete an arsenal or yard for building and fitting men-of-war as any the Government are masters of. . . . So many houses are since added that it is become a considerable town, and must of consequence in time draw abundance of people from Plymouth itself." Of Plymouth he says that it "is populous and wealthy, having several considerable merchants and abundance of wealthy shopkeepers, whose trade depends upon supplying the sea-faring people that upon so many occasions put into that port. As for gentlemen—I mean those that are such by family and birth and way of living—it cannot be expected to find many in a town merely depending on trade, shipping, and sea-faring business; yet I found here some men of value (persons of liberal education, general knowledge and excellent behaviour), whose society obliges me to say that a gentleman might find very agreeable company in Plymouth."

During the wars of the middle eighteenth century many French and other prisoners were confined at Plymouth, sometimes too many for safety as they outnumbered their guards. There was also a good deal of spying. Connected with this was the effort of Dr. Musgrave, who lived at Hoe Gate, to unmask the Chevalier d'Eon, who was long suspected of being a woman in disguise. Several attempts were made at different times to fire the dockyard, one by an American who succeeded at Portsmouth after failing at Plymouth. Both French and Spanish

spies were executed. A very determined effort was made by the Count de Parades, who contrived to inspect and sketch within the bulwarks of the Citadel itself. He concocted plans for entrapping English vessels, and matured a scheme for the capture of Plymouth, finding that its defences were poor and its guard insufficient. It was actually by his machinations that the French and Spanish vessels came to Cawsand in 1779, giving the people of Plymouth and district a considerable scare, but also doing good service by arousing more vigilance. Nothing serious happened, but the panic inspired Dibdin with his comedy "Plymouth in an Uproar." At this time Prince William, afterwards William IV., was with Sir Charles Hardy on the English fleet, and was very popular in Plymouth, as also with his fellow-sailors. A pugilistic encounter, in which a woman named Big Bess fought with a man, took place for his benefit, of which a curious engraving exists ; it shows the three princes watching. It was in their presence that the *Royal Sovereign* was launched, with all the keen interest that might be taken in a modern super-dreadnought ; other fine three-deckers, such as the *Glory*, the *Cæsar*, the *Foudroyant*, were built and launched at Plymouth Dock. In 1789 George III. came hither in person, driving by coach to Saltram House ; he inspected the docks and vessels in harbour, and a grand naval review was held in which 100 battleships took part, the King watching from a height near the Mewstone.

X. THE NAPOLEONIC WARS

THE last decade of the eighteenth-century was a stirring time, a time of hopes and new ideas, of fierce contest and reactions and enthusiasms. France, having passed through her own Terror, began to prove that a democracy may be as great a peril to the peace of the world as any kingdom or empire. War was declared in 1793, and in the following year Lord Howe showed decisively the superiority of the British fleet; but this great struggle was not to be settled on the sea, though it was sea-power that saved England. During a long period France was now very much what Spain had been to this country, with Waterloo to take the place of the Armada as a final settlement. There was not quite the same hatred in the struggle, but England needed an almost greater determination, the stress and danger being more prolonged and incessant. To Plymouth, and especially to the young Dock, the contest meant much. There was the thrill of fine naval achievement, the glitter of great prizes, the outward excitement and patriotic energy, the private want and shortage and high prices. As a century earlier, many troops were embarked here for Ireland, where a French descent was expected. Disaster overtook one of the transport ships, the *Dutton*, which was driven ashore below the Citadel by a violent storm in 1796. On this occasion Sir Edward Pellew, who was already fast winning fame, achieved

a fine act of daring by crossing on ropes to the doomed vessel, with a single volunteer ; his presence and stern control checked the unruly soldiers and crew, and of the entire number (400 soldiers, with some women and children) all but about a dozen were saved. Other great naval losses had taken place off Plymouth in earlier years, such as that of the *Coronation* and *Harwich* in 1691 ; and a tempest in 1762 was almost as serious as that of 1703, already mentioned ; in this later storm the Lambhay Pier was swept away, and many vessels dashed to pieces. In the same year as the loss of the *Dutton*, the frigate *Amphion*, lying at the dockyard, was destroyed by explosion, with the cost of 200 lives. This catastrophe was followed within a few weeks by a serious fire in Southside Street, which spread to some of the shipping in Sutton Pool. Two years later a French prize, *La Coquille*, was destroyed by fire at Millbrook, with much loss of life.

All was not glory and flag-waving at Plymouth. At this time there was much seething discontent in the navy, with good cause—conditions were wretched and treatment often barbarous. The mutinies at Spithead and the Nore spread to Plymouth ; there was an outbreak in 1797, the townsfolk being in full sympathy with the seamen. Yet in the thick of their mutinous risings, the men never lost their true loyalty ; they were subdued at once to hearty service when the country needed them. There was a spread of similar insubordination among the military, and three ringleaders were shot on the Hoe. This same year saw new achievement added to the records of the navy ; and again, as two centuries earlier, Spain was the victim. Two of Nelson's great prizes were brought to Devonport after the battle of St. Vincent—that very dock of which the Spanish

admiral had said, during a peaceful visit, that it would not be large enough to hold Spain's great *San Josef*, which was now moored at its walls. This huge prize remained at Dock to be refitted after the damage it had received, and three years later Nelson himself arrived to take up its command. He was welcomed with the greatest enthusiasm, being now the darling of the nation and the idol of her seamen. A tremendous ovation distinguished his reception of the freedom of the borough, at the Mayoralty House. During this visit Nelson and his friend Hardy were familiar figures in the Plymouth streets, and the place was *en fête*. He inspected the Citadel at this time. The quays were filled with prizes, and barracks or other buildings with prisoners; those were days of "crowded life." Sometimes prisoners escaped, and many romances of concealment and discovery were enacted; there is no space here to tell of everything. There was a new scare of imminent invasion, bringing frantic preparations; and so the story went on. A terrific explosion of carelessly landed shells did havoc at the Gunwharf. Big French prizes sailed into the Sound—*La Vestale*, *La Vengeance*, *L'Hercule*, and others; sixty-three wagon-loads of treasure were carried in grand procession from the dockside to the Citadel, from the thence to be borne later to the Bank of England. But the English were seldom ungenerous to foes in distress. A Spaniard returning from South America saw his immense wealth, together with his wife and children, blown up in the vessel that bore them; and liberal subscriptions were raised for him among those who had caused the disaster. Another Spanish treasure-ship, which escaped destruction, yielded nearly a million dollars in gold when anchored off Plymouth; it was like the old days of Drake. But

bullion did not mean food. Prices had risen tremendously, and the starving people became riotous; the military had to interfere. Cries of profiteering were raised—we have been used to such cries lately; shops and markets were stormed, and a strong protest was issued by local tradesmen that the high prices were not their fault. Butchers held a meeting at London Inn, Dock, and decided to supply mutton at sevenpence a pound; farmers also defended themselves strenuously against charges of undue profit. But nothing mended matters till Government consented to supply the market from army and navy stores, and that could only give temporary relief. Among other incidents, the seizure of thirty Danish timber-cargoes, which had come peaceably to the port, was not very glorious, useful though they were; more glory attaches to the feat of Captain O'Connor, who, with only a young son to help him, brought his vessel into the Sound, its prize-crew surprised and confined below decks or hanging to the rigging. Saumarez sailed from Plymouth for his great action off Cadiz in 1801, when his six vessels overcame fourteen Frenchmen and Spaniards. But no amount of glory could render the people other than desirous of peace, and there were scenes of intense rejoicing when the Peace of Amiens was signed. All forces, regular and volunteer alike, shared in the honours of the day, but special distinction fell to the Marines, who assumed a new uniform as His Majesty's Royal Corps. Prisoners were released and kindly treated; British and French tars drank each others' healths; French boats came to the quaysides as peaceful guests. There was much excess and uproar, much sorrow for bereavements, much gratulation of heroes.

But the peace was not destined to endure; it

was only a breathing-space. Napoleon, now undisputed master of France and in large measure of Europe, aspired for the consummation of his triumphs by the downfall of England. He regarded her as entirely isolated, and as his last obstacle in the way of world-power. His plans for invasion were made too openly to be mistaken, and England took the alarm. Once more the drum was sounded throughout the country, and the press-gang worked hard again. Men were dragged from work or from pleasure, from shops and theatres and inns, from fishing or quarrying. The old course of events was resumed ; activities began before war was officially declared—so suddenly indeed that the prize-list was particularly rich, as many unsuspecting victims were caught. Three weeks brought prizes of over two millions in value to Plymouth Waters. Once again, a dread of invasion was associated with weather so violently tempestuous as to render the most peaceful landfalls dangerous ; and the gathering of crowded vessels in Cawsand Bay was attended by wreckings, fires, and flood. Seas dashed wildly over Drake's Island ; the lower streets of Plymouth were under water ; the Sound was " a boiling pot." Other discords were prevalent as well, in spite of the common supreme danger ; and when Cochrane came to the port, and was perhaps over-zealous in collecting men for his *Pallas*, he was soon at loggerheads with the Mayor. As might be expected, the navy did not emerge second-best ; the Mayor (James Elliott) issued a writ of arrest, but Cochrane sailed off, caught three rich prizes, and sent them into Plymouth as his answer. Shortly after, he had the narrowest of escapes, only eluding capture by the most masterly seamanship. Many stirring tales connect his name with Plymouth. Then came the brightness and the sorrow of Trafalgar ; French

and Spanish prizes made the docks a forest of masts ; a service of thanksgiving was held at St. Andrew's. Nelson was dead, but the country seemed to be saved, so far as the fleet could save it. Yet invasion was still feared ; coastguard and sentries were vigilant from end to end of the shore, and there was an ingenious method of signalling in practice, very efficient for those days before the electric wire or wireless, by which Plymouth was brought in rapid touch with the Admiralty. The signals were flashed by coloured lights at night. At this time England was fighting America as well as France, and the Americans were formidable naval foes. But there was still room for chivalrous feeling ; when the commander of the American *Argus* died after landing at Millbay, he was buried with great ceremony and real sympathy at St. Andrew's Church, his country's flag above the pall. A story of interest to Freemasons belongs to this time. A French privateer having captured an English vessel, the captains discovered that they were brother-masons, and the Frenchman actually gave back his prize. Plymouth masons so much appreciated this action, that they sent him a handsome gift. It is singular to find masonry thus operative in warfare.

In 1808, added to the constant sensational doings at sea, there came the excitement of Wellington's Peninsular campaigns. Plymouth was deeply concerned. This year saw the birth of two local journals, the *Plymouth Chronicle* and the *Dock Telegraph* ; there had been an earlier *Chronicle*, and the town's first newspaper had appeared in 1721. These journals at times, naturally, received important information earlier than London, and they boasted accordingly. They were bitter rivals, as the two towns then were. In those troublous days it is

interesting to note that local militia were despatched to keep the peace in different parts of the country ; thus, the Royal Cornwalls were sent from George Square Barracks to Liverpool, then to Newcastle, and later to London, to repress disturbances. News from Spain alternately delighted and depressed the port ; survivors from Corunna arrived in large numbers, the naval and military hospitals at Stoke and Stonehouse being crowded with maimed and disabled men, and the borough did what it could for their helpless families. From Plymouth Wellington set out once more, to retrieve disaster. Food was still scarce and very dear, bread almost unprocurable, so that many had to live on potatoes alone. Once again there was public indignation. It was found that flour was being adulterated with St. Austell china-clay. Fire proved a danger again on several occasions ; thus, the *Captain* was entirely destroyed at Dock, and the *San Josef* was narrowly saved.

The period of Napoleon's waning fortunes brought the keenest excitement and rejoicing to Plymouth, reaching their height in 1814 when it seemed that Europe's peril was finally passed. The rejoicings and the sense of security were shortlived ; 1815 saw Bonaparte at large again, and the old scenes were re-enacted. French royalists disembarked at Plymouth as guests of the land with which their fellow-patriots were at war. Waterloo was fought, whose story needs no telling here ; and the country became delirious with joy. As usual our town bore its full share, and was again crowded with prisoners, most of whom were removed to the new great enclosure at Princetown on Dartmoor, in relation to which many sensational events might be related, of Frenchmen and Americans. But Plymouth was to

be yet more nearly touched by the main incident of the day ; the *Bellerophon* bearing the Emperor himself was anchored in her waters. To his surprise, he was forbidden to land. He had surrendered ; it would have been better had he been captured ; but the question as to what should have been done with him cannot be discussed here. He ranks among the foremost of the port's distinguished visitors. Intense curiosity was excited, everybody desiring a glimpse of the caged lion ; a contemporary tells us that the Sound was so thickly covered with boats of all sorts, that no water could be seen. Among those who succeeded in this desire was the young painter Eastlake. The whole record of the "last phase," colour it as we may, is a somewhat sorry one ; for England's sake if not for his own, one wishes that a different finish had come to her great enemy.

Much more might be said of this busy period, its doings and darings, its mutinies and cruelties and brutalities ; its smuggling and privateering and festivity and starvation. Much also might be told of Dock, not yet become Devonport in name, with its toils and discontents, the bribery and corruption and mismanagement in stores and hospitals and victualling-yards alike. It is not an edifying story, though it has brilliant and stirring episodes ; times were rough and manners often barbarous. If the British Empire was founded and fostered in such a rugged, often sordid school, it is only another proof that good things often spring from conditions that are in many ways evil.

XI. THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

IF ghosts now walk at all in the streets of Plymouth and Devonport, they are those of old mariners and sea-captains, memories of great and strange doings, lights and shadows from days, distant and more recent, when this place has been a core of national defence. But at the close of the eighteenth-century and the beginning of the nineteenth, when superstition was still rampant, there were many tales of a different kind of haunting. West-country ghosts have always been something of a speciality, and Plymouth had some notorious cases. In all such instances there was much credulity, in some there was absolute trickery ; a ghostly reputation was of distinct value to spots that favoured smuggling or other actions that shun the light. These things were common to the times ; smuggling was as frequent in Sussex as it was in Devon and Cornwall, with the only difference that the western coasts were still more favourable ; and superstition of all kinds was general throughout the world. The streets of the Three Towns were infested by worse things than ghosts, in the days of the French wars and afterwards. Every form of public pest and harpy prowled round the dockyards, and in the secret nooks of the town's byways, debauching and robbing the tars, molesting lonely passengers, picking pockets and sometimes killing. We must turn to old sea-

tales such as those of Smollett, Captain Marryat, Chamier, if we would live in the past atmosphere of quayside and forecastle, those of Marryat and Chamier bearing particular reference to Plymouth. In addition to the usual turbulence of a seaport, the town had also its night-time disturbers, akin to the Mohocks of London, whose rough doings were often anything but play to their victims. So desperate became the social conditions in the year 1812, that the Plymouth Docks Association was established for the defence of public safety and property. But the end of the war brought a worse, rather than a better, condition. Many in Plymouth found their occupation gone, and all the evils of prevalent unemployment were experienced by the district. Sorely needed national retrenchments meant loss to thousands throughout the country; it must always be so at the close of any great war. It is said that 7000 persons received alms at the Plymouth church doors. Of course many emigrated. Some relief, but not much, was afforded by Tyrwhitt's experiments on Dartmoor, the chief products of whose soil are peat and granite; and much labour was engaged on building the Breakwater (begun before the end of the war), whose story has already been told. It was believed that the Breakwater, though then uncompleted, saved Plymouth from the worst effects of a tremendous storm in 1824, when much of the lower town was flooded and the harbour filled with wrecks. The continual growth of the docks, and the construction of the large New Victualling Yard at Devil's Point, ultimately brought a revival of employment. There was also a great advance in street-planning, building, and paving. The architect Foulston, though he nearly ruined St. Andrew's Church by his attempt to classicise it,

did some good work in other directions ; it was he who built the Royal Hotel and Theatre, the Athænæum, and the Devonport Town Hall. It is said to have been this handsome hall that fired the Dock-folk with an ambition to have a more distinctive name, and no longer to be considered " a mere offshoot of the borough of Plymouth." They had certainly good reasons for asking such recognition of the town's identity ; the time was not then ripe for unification, interests were still imagined to be distinct, and there was a long lingering of old jealousies. The wish was granted ; George IV. allowed Plymouth Dock formally to assume the name of Devonport, and the new name was welcomed with processions, flag-flying, and public festivities. This was in 1824. The existing Column was then erected, and a medal of commemoration was struck. In 1832 Devonport, embracing Stonehouse, was enfranchised ; in 1837 it was given its own mayor and corporation. Plymouth, older, doubtless much dirtier and more picturesque, had to watch this proud young rival prospering at its very doors, and in some manner at its expense. But it had always been manifest to observant eyes that to use only Sutton Pool and the Catwater for shipping was a neglect of far greater accommodation in the Hamoaze, and that such growth along the shores of Stonehouse and Stoke was inevitable. A further vision must also have seen that the growth of one part must be to the gain and final union of all ; it would have been a remarkable miscarriage of events if the shores of the Sound had failed to foster a large and truly imperial town.

The war against Turkey on behalf of Greece brought some renewal of old-time incidents to Plymouth, as all wars were bound to do ; and there

was some rather serious rioting between soldiers and sailors. The two services, in those days, felt a good deal of jealousy, of which happily little remains to-day beyond a natural emulation ; and when the rougher elements of the two were thrown together, strife at times passed beyond mere angry words. There were still frequent distress and poverty as well as mismanagement ; and it is certain that if we could throw ourselves back a hundred years, we should not desire to remain there. Those who doubt about the advancement of society might benefit from such an experience. Even if the improvement be only in manners, that in itself is a great gain. Vice was certainly more open in those times, and there was a more dense ignorance. A Plymouth man, in 1822, really thought that he could get rid of his wife by auction, and the bidding had reached three pounds when the sale was stopped. Body-snatching added its horrors to other unpleasant features of the day ; and Stoke church especially suffered in this respect, the bodies being easily conveyed away by water. One particular case of a gang that lived at Mount Pleasant caused a great sensation ; it was discovered by the energy and watchfulness of a servant, who contrived for the " resurrectionists " to be trapped. When the graves in the churchyard were examined, many bodies were missing, to the grief and indignation of their relatives and of the public generally. The confederates were of course transported, and they certainly deserved all the rigours of the convict-ship that carried them away—such as have been depicted vividly in records and romances ; but the days of such transportation were numbered. It was thought better that the labour of convicts should be retained at home, instead of taking them at great expense to vitiate the atmosphere of a young colony. Prince-

town, long emptied of its war-prisoners, was converted into a convict-station, about the middle of the century, and has continued so ever since. For some time Plymouth people were allowed to use the prison for jaunts and sight-seeing, but this was found to be good neither for the confined nor for the visitors, and quite rightly it was stopped. By this time a large improvement in road-communications and ferries had taken place, involving the usual trouble in regard to tolls and fares. A much better connection on the Devonshire side was effected by the construction of Laira Bridge in 1827; the Laira embankment had been accomplished earlier. In the following year Stonehouse Hill was reduced to more convenient proportions. More coaches now ran, and not only to Exeter, Bath, Bristol and London, but to the Midlands and north. There was a regular boat-service from the Catwater to London. At the same time the customary amusements of the day were by no means neglected; there was much play-acting and music. The existing Plymouth Theatre was opened in 1813; earlier than this was a house that stood at Frankfort Gate, which gate was demolished in 1783; the Dock Theatre was at Cumberland Gardens. The latter was a very uproarious place, as might have been expected. Kean, Macready, Charles Mathews, were familiar to the playgoers here, and Phelps, who was a native of Devonport. The accession of William IV. aroused much enthusiasm in the Three Towns, where the "sailor prince" was very popular. When the future Queen Victoria paid her first visit to Plymouth, an accident to the vessel in which she and her mother approached the quay-side caused some alarm; the boat somehow fouled; sail and gaff of the mainmast fell close to the royal pair. The Queen herself, with Prince Albert, came

again in 1843, and inspected the great battleship *Hindostan* which had been launched at Devonport two years earlier. The local artist N. Condy made an effective sketch of the royal visitor proceeding in her state barge to the dockyard. But royal visits of this nature are not peculiar to any one town, and cannot be recorded in detail. Speaking of the launch, however, may remind us that the first Dreadnought had its birth at Plymouth, in 1906, but the model had been foreshadowed by the *Implacable*, of 15,000 tons, built and launched here in 1899. It is hardly necessary to say much here of the place that Devonport fills in the naval life of the present day.

A word has been given to the development of roads, but there is something to be told of the coming of railways, to which we have arrived from the days of the track-way and pack-horse. Tyrwhitt had laid down a line of rails on Dartmoor as early as 1823, its trucks drawn by horses; and this later developed into the present branch-line between Yelverton and Princetown with its high gradients and serpentine turnings. About twenty years afterwards the South Devon Company was formed, with powers to run from Exeter to Plymouth. Brunel, the Company's engineer, at first proposed to work on his system of atmospheric pressure; but the idea, though correct in theory, proved fantastic and very costly in the working. We see its traces in the survival of a singular tower at Starcross. The attempt was abandoned in time to avert absolute ruin. This line only extended to Newton Abbot. In 1848 it was carried to the Laira, and a year later it ran to Millbay, where the Great Western Docks Company was then constructing a floating-basin, in which Brunel was also concerned. The South Western,

known at first as the Devon and Cornwall Company, running to Lydford from Exeter, succeeded after much opposition and litigation in obtaining a station at Devonport (1878), and finally established itself at Friary, with a view to the shipping in Sutton Pool. It is obvious, however, that the Great Western position at Millbay is far more valuable ; most of the more important sailings and arrivals, including the Mail liners, being in connection with the Millbay docks. There are regular lines to America, New Zealand, South Africa, Australia, the West Indies, and elsewhere, to say nothing of a large European traffic. In this connection it may be noted that the total net tonnage of Plymouth port in 1916, including sailings and arrivals, was 2,979,000, and a big increase may be expected. In the first days of railway expansion, the town was greatly interested in any scheme of communication with Cornwall. The old highroad crossed from Stoke to Torpoint by ferry, a passage still surviving in the modern floating-bridge ; but when the Cornwall Railway proposed to utilise this crossing for a ferry-train, Government objected on the ground of an obstruction to traffic. The objection was happy in its issue, as it led to a far better alternative. Brunel in spite of occasional failures was a man of genius ; he had married a Plymouth lady, and was specially zealous in the advancement of the locality's resources. He suggested a bridge to cross the river at Saltash, of such height as to clear all possible traffic. There were grave material difficulties, but the project was set in hand, and all obstacles finally overcome. In 1859 the bridge was opened by the Prince Consort, whose name it bears, amidst great rejoicings and congratulations. The roadway of the bridge is 2190 feet in length, and from base to summit its

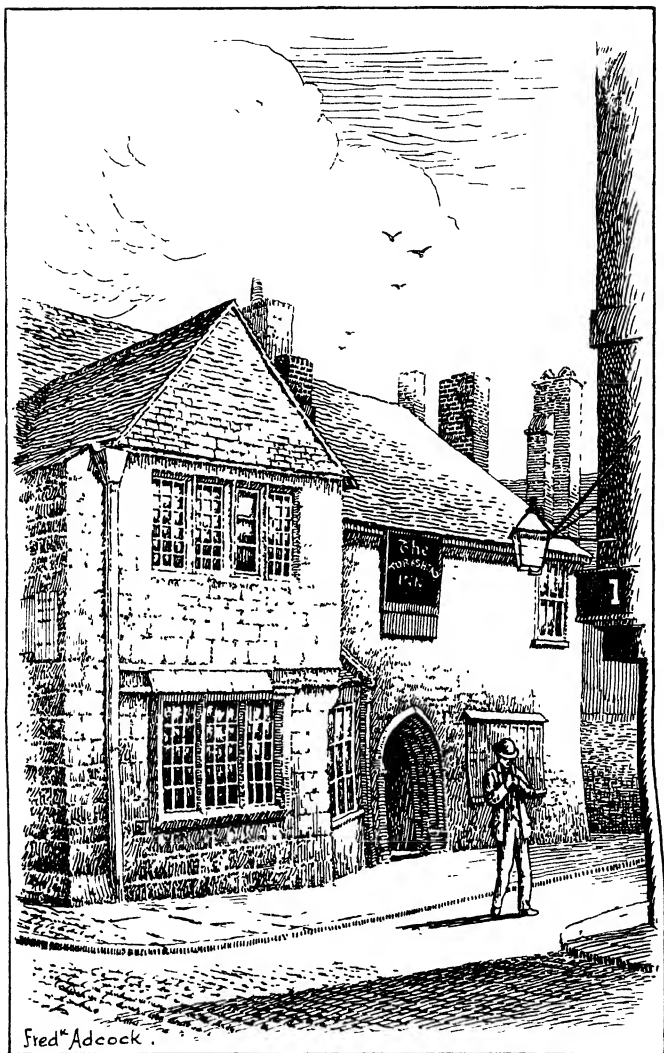
height is about 260 feet. It is certainly one of the finest structures of its type in the country, and it commands magnificent views. This bridge of itself confers great distinction on Plymouth, and is an effective advertisement of its attractions, its grand harbourage, its vast capabilities. But of course the bridge and main line do not touch old Plymouth at all; the mother town lies almost out of sight.

Another important matter to the town during many centuries was its water-supply. With ample rivers at its very doors, Plymouth has often suffered from droughts and water-famine; this was the case as recently as the great snow-fall of 1891. In the early days of Dock there was trouble between the younger and the elder towns, because Plymouth objected to give a share of its water; this was the dissension that was proceeding when Dr. Johnson paid his visit and zealously took the side of the old town against the "Dockers." There had sometimes been trouble between the Plymouth corporation and its own citizens over the same matter. The earliest supplies were from wells and streams, and these were probably fairly adequate, but as growth came, and increasing industries, something more was wanted. The romance of the subject is associated with Sir Francis Drake. There is an entry in the town's records of a "composyton made betweene the towne and Sr Frances Drake for the bringinge of the River of Mewe," (the Meavy), "to the towne;" and it seems clear that Drake did his work as a paid contractor, little as such a job appears to tally with the popular conception of his character. A rather strenuous controversy has been waged on this point, but the entry looks conclusive, and there are others to support it. But the popular imagination said that Drake brought the water miraculously, drawing

a stream from Dartmoor at the tail of his horse. The popular view is the more attractive.

Water was often sadly needed here, not only for its more ordinary purposes but for the quelling of fires. The town suffered often and severely in this way; there is a sad chronicle of lost lives and ruined property. But such tales are common throughout the country in times of much wood-building. One of Devonport's worst fires was in its dockyard, in 1840, when two battleships and a frigate were destroyed. Among other happenings to be briefly recorded, there was some trouble in the district at the time of the Crimean War, when, amid other excitements incident to the period, Plymouth was the headquarters of some foreign mercenaries known as the "Jagers," who proved somewhat disorderly. At the close of the century, when the Boer War broke out, Plymouth was again intimately concerned. She had a close connection with many of those who were engaged, including the popular West-country officers, Symons, Pole-Carew, and Devon's special hero Sir Redvers Buller.

Among the notable parliamentary representatives of the town have been William Hawkins, Gilbert, Drake, various Grenvilles and Trelawnys, Slanning, with, more recently, Roundell Palmer and Viscount Barrington; while Lord John Russell was much in evidence locally as representative of South Devon. From 1880 the town had a long connection with Sir Edward Clarke; and quite recently it has won the distinction of being the first English constituency to return a lady-member. Devonport has been represented by Sir A. Buller and Thomas Brassey. Elections in both these constituencies have always been largely influenced by local and special interests, sometimes at variance with the general trend of



THE TURK'S HEAD

public opinion. Popular waves of political feeling have thus often been negated locally ; the Three Towns have spoken with their own voice and not that of the nation at large. This does not imply that they have spoken unwisely. Political and other opinion has found expression and guidance in the two excellent journals that now appear daily ; both of these, the *Western Morning News* and the *Western Daily Mercury*, were born in the same year (1680). They have good weekly issues, and are admirable examples of provincial journalism. The *Naval and Military Record* is an organ of importance and influence in its own special department. In these journals the Three Towns not only attained a practical and very true unity, but made themselves felt far afield ; the two Plymouth papers speak for Cornwall as well as Devon, and circulate from Exeter to Penzance. But the time has now come in which the term " Three Towns " is in every sense a misnomer, except historically. The years have brought that unification which was inevitable, and which is a grand example of a wise uniting of interests. To older Plymouth attach the memories of earlier days, the romance, the picturesque glamour ; but in that which has achieved present and enduring importance all three have had their share. If Stoke and Stonehouse have no good reason to boast as against the mother-town, they have none the less much reason for honest pride ; and indeed we can only call Plymouth the mother-town by some distortion of language, for the birth of the other two was independent, and probably equal in antiquity. All local jealousies and controversies were ended happily in 1914—the year that saw a tremendous outbreak of warfare, but that locally saw the sealing of a lasting peace. In this year the borough of

Devonport and the urban district of Stonehouse were merged in the County Borough of Plymouth ; a result desired very long was at last attained. The first council for the united Borough sat in November, during the first throes of that conflict in which Plymouth, with the rest of the empire, was doing her best against immense forces of destructive ambition.

XII. CHURCHES AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS

WITH one exception, the churches of Plymouth are not of particular interest, nor is its ecclesiastical history rich in details. The story of the town is not interwoven with the fate of a great church, as we find so strikingly at Wells or York or Exeter ; the sea itself has always been the life-blood of the Three Towns. Added to this, the best period of architecture was nearing its close when Plymouth rose to wealth and size. Still, there is true beauty and interest attaching to the " Old Church " of St. Andrew. The parish if not the building dates from early Sutton, and from the connection with Plympton Priory. Of its actual founding we know nothing definite ; the oldest portion of the existing edifice appears to be a part of the south-chancel aisle, whose date is 1385, being at that time dedicated to the Virgin. A north aisle dedicated to St. John the Baptist was added in 1441 ; and about twenty years later the tower was built by Yogge, or Yonge. This must probably have been William Yonge, the mayor, but there is a little doubt ; the credit has been given to Thomas Yogge by some, and the point is not absolutely clear. Yogge also built a chantry or " fair chapel " on the north side of the church, which was restored in 1912 as a memorial of Archdeacon Wilkinson, long vicar here. Naturally the church was much despoiled at the

Reformation, but Elizabeth did something for its advantage, and gifted the advowson to the corporation, who held it till 1836. The register opens with a record of the baptism of a son of William Hawkins, in 1581, and thus strikes a vivid local note. St. Andrew's is undoubtedly a fine structure, and may claim to be among the largest parish churches in the kingdom, though in this respect it cannot rival the churches at Yarmouth, Hull and Coventry, nor does it approach St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, for beauty. The length is 184 feet, with a breadth of 94 feet across the transepts; but it suffers from lack of height. A gallery was built in 1595, and others later; and a gallery in a church is almost always an architectural catastrophe, unless it be a small minstrels' gallery, like the lovely one at Exeter. But the most disastrous restoration, so far as we can judge, was that done under the supervision of Foulston, when much valuable material was removed and sold. Brooking tells us that "Mr. Foulston's object was to eliminate every trace, so far as he could, of interest and antiquity in the church. He blocked up the tower arch; he pulled down the parvise chamber over the south porch; he destroyed the screen (or what remained of it); he mutilated and buried sepulchral effigies, disfigured chapels, and contrived galleries of sham Gothic; made high pews and narrow gangways. By this he dwarfed the building and destroyed its proportions." A full record of the crimes committed in the name of restoration would be instructive. When the Rev. C. T. Wilkinson, afterwards Archdeacon of Totnes, became vicar in 1870, he at once decided to effect a restoration of a genuine nature, and this was done under plans suggested by James Hine and Sir Gilbert Scott, the church being re-opened in 1875.

There are many monuments, which are perhaps the most interesting feature of the interior; the oldest is dated 1583. Among others we find a Chantrey bust of Zachary Mudge, an ornate memorial of the Governor Skelton, and a tablet to the actor Charles Mathews, who died at Plymouth. Some portions of the remains of Frobisher and Blake were buried within the church. Hine, who was closely connected with this restoration, designed the tolerably effective cross of St. Andrew that stands on the site of the old churchyard. It was really outside the church that the best result was attained, when the disfiguring and obstructing buildings were removed, and the church was given proper breathing space. The precincts are now comely and spacious as they should be. A carillon, giving a change of tunes for a fortnight, was presented and first rung in 1878.

The name of Mudge is connected with a long period of St. Andrew's history; he was elected vicar in 1731—and "elected" is strictly the right word to use, for the choice was thus decided by the mayor and corporation, who held the advowson. On this occasion Mudge only gained a single vote above his rival, and the mayor desired to get the votes of some absent members; but it was proved by reference to Plymouth's "Black Book" that only those present could vote. The "Black" and "White" Books were old town records, dating from the middle of the sixteenth century; they are preserved among other muniments in the municipal buildings. Among other incidents in the more recent history of the church may be mentioned the strife between the vicar, John Hatchard, and Bishop Phillpotts, over the question of pew-rents, on which point "Harry of Exeter" held strong views. There was also an uproar, in the Three Towns

generally, when the same Bishop ordered the use of the surplice ; a good deal of Puritanism still lingered in Plymouth, though the town does not seem to have gone so far as Exeter did when it burned the Bishop in effigy. Phillpotts went possibly to extremes when he deprived an incumbent of Turnchapel, who had preached that to attend ritualistic services was to imperil the soul ; such utterances might have been left to dignified silence ; but it is not necessary here to enlarge on anything that tends to controversy.

Until the seventeenth century the mother-church had sufficed for Plymouth's needs, but in 1624 a petition was sent to Charles I. asking that a new church might be allowed. In 1640 the parish of Charles was constituted. Building was of course interrupted by the Civil War, and it seems rather strange that the town should have retained the name of Charles for its new church after having contended so strenuously against that king. But it is a mistake to suppose that the church was ever actually *dedicated* to "Charles the Martyr," although an attempt was made to perpetuate that idea. The church was completed about the year 1658, but not consecrated till 1665. Built at a time when Perpendicular was in its decadence, it is a fairly successful type of an architecture whose purity was suffering. Its chief memory is the long ministry of Dr. Robert Hawker, a characteristic Evangelical of a period when Evangelical Calvinism almost monopolised the Church of England. Hawker was a devout and earnest man, of considerable note in his day ; but, apart from his "Portions," is now chiefly remembered as the grandfather of the Vicar of Morwenstow. His son John Hawker seceded from the Church to mark his disapproavl of the Catholic emancipation, and a chapel was built for him at Eldad ; this

developed later into the parish church of St. Peter, in 1848, and its vicar, G. R. Prynne, was much denounced locally as a "Puseyite." He was much molested, and actually in physical danger, but he persevered. "God knows I am no Jesuit, no papist at heart," he asserted, continuing to insist that he only desired to restore the full service and beauty of the Church's rightful sacraments. He is now best known by his hymn, "Jesu meek and gentle." The present much-altered church is in early French style, and fairly effective. The remaining churches of Plymouth are not remarkable, though that of St. Matthias has a good perpendicular tower; they are all modern, and there is little to record of them. Nor can it be said that the Roman Catholic cathedral is much better, architecturally. When the Pope revived the English hierarchy Plymouth became a see-town, and the present building was begun in 1856; the spire, added later, is not a success. The picturesque old "Abbey" standing south of St. Andrew's, now a store, seems never to have been an abbey at all, though originally belonging to the Plympton priory; it was simply a priest's house, and was converted to secular uses at the Dissolution. The many Nonconformist places of worship in the town call for little mention, not from any disrespect, but because, though some of them are ancient and notable in their traditions, the buildings are almost entirely quite modern. But there are meeting-houses in Park Street and Raleigh Street that call for a word, because they are connected with the sect of Plymouth Brethren, once called Darbyites in recognition of their founder, J. N. Darby. The sect sprang into being about the year 1830, a time of much religious ferment in England, and it seems to have been specially attractive to retired military

men. A Plymouth chemist, Anthony Groves, and B. W. Newton, were more intimately connected with the local spread of the tenets than Darby himself. There was very soon a division between the "Exclusive" and the "Bethesda" groups, the latter obtaining distinction by the adherence of George Müller of Bristol; and there has been a tendency to further sub-divisions ever since. A vivid picture of their ministry will be found in Edmund Gosse's "Father and Son."

Of other churches in the district, that of Stoke Damerel can boast a list of rectors dating from 1312. The chapel in the Citadel is contemporary with that building, though it has been enlarged. The first Dockyard Chapel was built in 1700, but a new structure was raised in 1877; it is reserved for naval congregations. Perhaps it is worth mentioning that the Stoke Church register has a record of the marriage of Bampfylde Carew, the "king of the gipsies," in 1733.

Of the old monastic foundations, something has already been said; only a few slight traces remain. The same is true of many almshouses and charities, of which Plymouth had its share. These charities were all brought under the control of the Corporation Guardians by Act of Parliament in 1708; and for the most part the commodious modern workhouse system replaces the more picturesque communities of the past. Yet this system itself is probably only transitional. The almshouse known as the "Old Church Twelves," dating from the fifteenth century, has long since been demolished; it stood close to the site of the present Guildhall. The same fate has overtaken similar institutions that bore the names of Lanyon, Fownes, Miller, and Pryn. Besides these there were the hospitals of Poor's Portion, whose



Photo by Heath & Stoneman

LABORATORY, PLYMOUTH

seal bore date 1620, and of Orphans' Aid. It was in the new and then probably unfinished almshouse of Poor's Portion that there was a gathering of religious and earnest men from Devon, Dorset and Somerset, to arrange plans for their voyage to New England ; and it was the sailing of this party in 1630, that led to the founding of the new Dorchester—more strictly a West-country settlement than that of new Plymouth itself. Jory's Almshouses were founded in 1703 ; others are more recent. Orphans' Aid was partly educational, and though privately endowed was managed by the corporation. Another lapsed or rather merged charity was that of Hele and Lanyon's School, later known as the Red and Blue Boys. Elize Hele, of Brixton near Plympton, was a man of much wealth and benevolence, who left large sums for the endowment of schools in his native county. But the oldest existing educational establishment in Plymouth is the Corporation Grammar School, which survives in a modified form as a mixed school of about 300 pupils, in North Road. It began in 1561 in connection with the almshouse in Catherine Lane (the Old Church 'Twelves), and later a schoolhouse was erected in the Orphans' Aid. Special charters by Elizabeth and Charles II. established and confirmed the rights of this foundation. The best known of its masters was Dr. Bidlake ; of its pupils, Eastlake and Haydon.

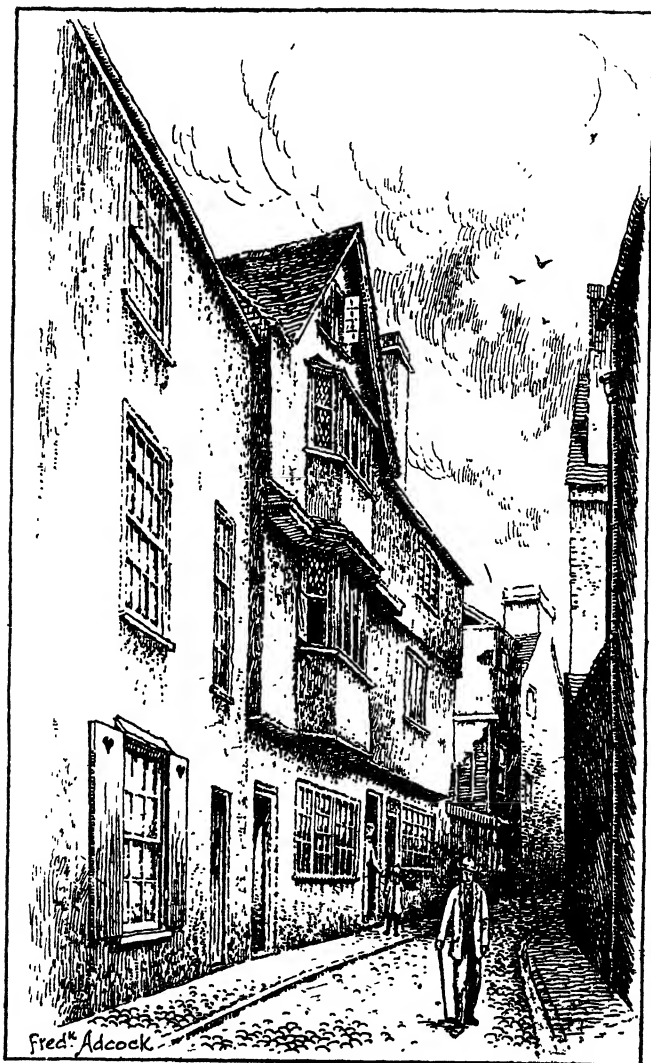
Plymouth certainly has not much of mediævalism to show us ; its fine existing Guildhall is entirely modern. The Old Town had its Guildhall, at least as early as the fifteenth century and probably much earlier ; but another was built somewhere near the year 1440, and its site is supposed to have been in Southside Street. This may have been the building destroyed in the Western Rebellion, when

including a valuable collection of local works. In the Proprietary Library, founded in 1811, will be found the Cottonian collection of illuminated books, paintings, etc. ; and the same library has some rare Halliwell MSS. There is much more that might be said in connection with all these matters, but space is limited ; many volumes of far greater size might easily be filled with the doings and happenings of old and modern Plymouth. This small book has only attempted to present a graphic, concise, and so far as possible accurate outline of the town's history—or rather that of the Three Towns that have at last won a complete unity.

XIII. NOTABILITIES

CONSIDERING that the town's population was not really large till quite recent times, Plymouth's roll of eminent men is a notable one. Some of these, such as Hawkins, have already been recorded in relation to the town's history ; and besides these the great activities of past and present have naturally drawn hither many men of distinction who were not of Plymouth birth. Some such have been named, and others remain for passing mention ; but the first duty is to speak of natives. One of the earliest of these, though little connected with Plymouth in his career, was Joseph Glanvill (1636-80), a writer who may in some measure be classed with Robert Burton and Sir Thomas Browne. He was as sturdy an opponent of the doctrines of Aristotle as he was of Puritanism. Perhaps he chiefly deserves remembrance now from the fact that Matthew Arnold drew the origin of his " Scholar Gipsy " from his " Vanity of Dogmatising," which appeared in 1661. Another native was Jacob Bryant (1715-1804). He was at one time private secretary to the Duke of Marlborough. His principal work was his " Analysis of Ancient Mythology," a book of much learning but now superseded. John Kitto (1804-54), stone-deaf from boyhood, did much useful work in popular books dealing with the Bible and Palestine. But in literature the foremost position must certainly be given to Robert Stephen

Hawker (1803-75), so familiarly known as "Hawker of Morwenstow," yet a word is first due to his grandfather, Dr. Robert Hawker (1753-1827), who for forty-nine years was connected with Charles Church, and whose "Morning and Evening Portions" have not quite lost their vogue. He was a forcible preacher, and like other of the Hawkers, a man of distinctive personality. His famous grandson, who was born at 6, Norley Street, is usually thought of as a Cornish poet, so thoroughly did he identify himself with the rough coasts of north-east Cornwall. He was a man of the most fervent piety and deep mysticism, with gifts that might have accomplished far more had he devoted himself entirely to writing; but his devotion to his parish distracted him, his attention to drowned sailors washed ashore harrowed his feelings; the neglect and small reward of his literary work depressed him. His life was sad though noble. "The Song of the Western Men" is the best known of his poems, and long passed as a genuine old Cornish ballad; but his true poetic powers are more fully revealed in the fragmentary "Quest of the Sangraal," which to say the least, will bear comparison with Tennyson's poem on the same subject, being more utterly sincere, more wholehearted. Many of his verses attach delightfully to different Cornish scenes, and will long be remembered; but he seems rarely to have achieved the highest utterance that was possible to him. His prose is also charming. It was at Plymouth that he was received into the Roman Catholic Church, on his deathbed—an event that caused some controversy and angry feeling. In spite of that last step, we may think of Hawker as a faithful and loyal son of the English Church; but his whole being was so pervaded with the mystical and symbolic, that he



OLD HOUSE IN STILLMAN STREET, THE BIRTH-PLACE OF DR. KITTO.

had from the first really belonged to that school of religious thought to which, whether Anglican or Roman or Greek, we apply the term Catholic. His memoir by his son-in-law is a very fine biography. His grave is in Plymouth cemetery.

A graceful poet of very different style is Mr. Austin Dobson, who was born in Plymouth in 1840. His society-verse has a deeper note than is common to such ; and his prose has the distinction of unaffected lucidity. His business career was given to the London Board of Trade, but his literary life has given us some standard works on eighteenth-century matters, and a large quantity of very delightful poetry. N. T. Carrington (1777-1830), though he does not rank among "the foremost of our British bards" as Mrs. Bray once said, nevertheless deserves a remembrance in his native town. He was the son of a dockyard's man, becoming later a sailor and then schoolmaster. "Dartmoor," his most famous poem, still quoted by the guide-books, appeared in 1826. Carrington had a genuine poetic impulse and some measure of poetic faculty. Among other pleasing local writers in verse and prose may be mentioned Mortimer Collins, Ernest Radford, Dr. Kitto, the deaf author of the "Encyclopædia of Biblical Literature." S. Rowe, J. Brooking Rowe and William Crossing are all authorities on Dartmoor ; in addition to which much good work has been done by J. Brooking Rowe in connection with the ecclesiastical antiquities of Plymouth and Plympton. The town also owes much to R. N. Worth, who wrote its best history as well as a delightful history of Devonshire. He managed to combine sound historic research with a really readable style. Sir George Birdwood, a profound scholar in matters of India, was educated at the Plymouth Grammar School. Sir W. Snow

Harris (1791-1867) was a skilled electrician, in days when such were rare, and did much to further the use of lightning-conductors at sea ; while Jonathan Head (1810-1876), who worked on similar lines, was concerned in the first telegraphic connection across the Atlantic. Hearder, who was blinded at the age of twenty-one, is a striking example of success under difficulties ; he was an accomplished antiquarian as well as a scientist. William Woollcombe (1773-1822) was a distinguished local physician, and founded the Public Dispensary ; while Henry Woollcombe wrote a useful history of Plymouth, unpublished, the MS. remaining at the Plymouth Institution of which he was founder. Many other names might be given, but this chapter must not become a mere catalogue.

It is certain, however, that apart from its naval fame Plymouth's greatest distinction lies in art. There is the remarkable fact that Joshua Reynolds, Northcote, Haydon, Eastlake, were all at one time scholars at Plympton Grammar School ; and three of these were Plymouthians by birth. The greatest of the four, Reynolds, was son of the Plympton schoolmaster, and born there. His pupil and biographer, James Northcote (1746-1831), the son of a Plymouth watchmaker, won wide fame as portrait-painter and for his historic pictures ; he was a man of much shrewd wisdom, and his friendship with Hazlitt is enshrined in that strong writer's "Conversations with Northcote." Distinction but not exactly greatness may be claimed for Northcote. Benjamin Haydon (1786-1846) was a man of finer conceptions, but seldom achieved their perfect expression ; in spite of the good prices paid for his pictures—his "Judgment of Solomon" fetching 700 guineas—he fell into debt. His financial troubles, and his failure to win employment on the

decoration of the House of Commons, preyed upon his spirits, and he killed himself in a moment of despair. His paintings are still highly valued; some are in the National Gallery, some in America, and his "Raising of Lazarus" is in the Plymouth Council Chamber. His pupil Sir C. L. Eastlake (1793-1866), studied at the Royal Academy, of which he later became President; he was also appointed director of the National Gallery, for which he did much good work. He studied and painted at one period in Italy, one of his best paintings being his "Pilgrims Arriving in Sight of Rome"; another fine work, "Christ Weeping over Jerusalem," is in the National collection. When Napoleon was brought to Plymouth on the *Bellerophon* in 1815, Eastlake caught glimpses of him, and on the sketches then hastily made he based his successful artistic treatment of the emperor. Undoubtedly a fine artist, Eastlake's reputation neither is nor deserves to be so world-wide as that of Joshua Reynolds, (1723-1792), to whom, as a Plympton man, Plymouth can surely lay some claim; but it is not necessary to say much of one whose position is universally recognised. It was in company with Reynolds that Dr. Johnson made his visit to Plymouth in 1762, being the guest of Dr. John Mudge, son of the eminent Zachariah Mudge who for thirty-eight years was vicar of St. Andrew's. Both the Mudges were men of distinction, the one in medicine, the other in theology; Dr. Johnson so esteemed the father that he drew a eulogistic character-sketch of him, which will be found in Boswell. It was on this occasion that Johnson declared himself an enthusiastic Plymptonian as opposed to the "Dockers," with whom there was at the time some trouble concerned with Plymouth's supply of water.

There is another noteworthy artist to be mentioned. Samuel Prout (1783-1852), born in Plymouth, was a pupil at the Grammar School under the well-known Dr. Bidlake, a clergyman of much learning and literary gift. Associating with his fellow-scholar Haydon, young Prout soon struck out on his own special line, and assisted Britton in his "Beauties of England and Wales." Later, he travelled much on the Continent, filling his folio with drawings that continue to be highly valued and beloved of collectors. Readers of Ruskin will know that Prout's influence over him was only second to that of Turner. "There will be no more Prout drawings," said Ruskin sadly, when the artist died. Prout's individuality went into his pictures, and the same views drawn by others can never be the same, for one man always sees more than another, or at least sees differently. Older than Prout though he lived longer was A. B. Johns (1776-1858), who had himself encouraged the younger painter. An idea of his work may be gathered from the fact that in one or two instances it was actually mistaken for that of Turner, with whom he was familiar. A. S. Hart (1806-81), who became member and Professor of the Royal Academy, is known by his "Polish Synagogue" in the National Gallery. His "Execution of Lady Jane Grey," now in the Plymouth Art Gallery, is a large and effective canvas, which probably had some influence in securing his election to the Academy, though the painter tells us that Chantry scolded him for painting so large a picture and choosing so sad a subject. Other artists intimately associated with the town were Samuel Cook and Nicholas Condy. It is indeed a very rich record, and one of which any town might be proud.

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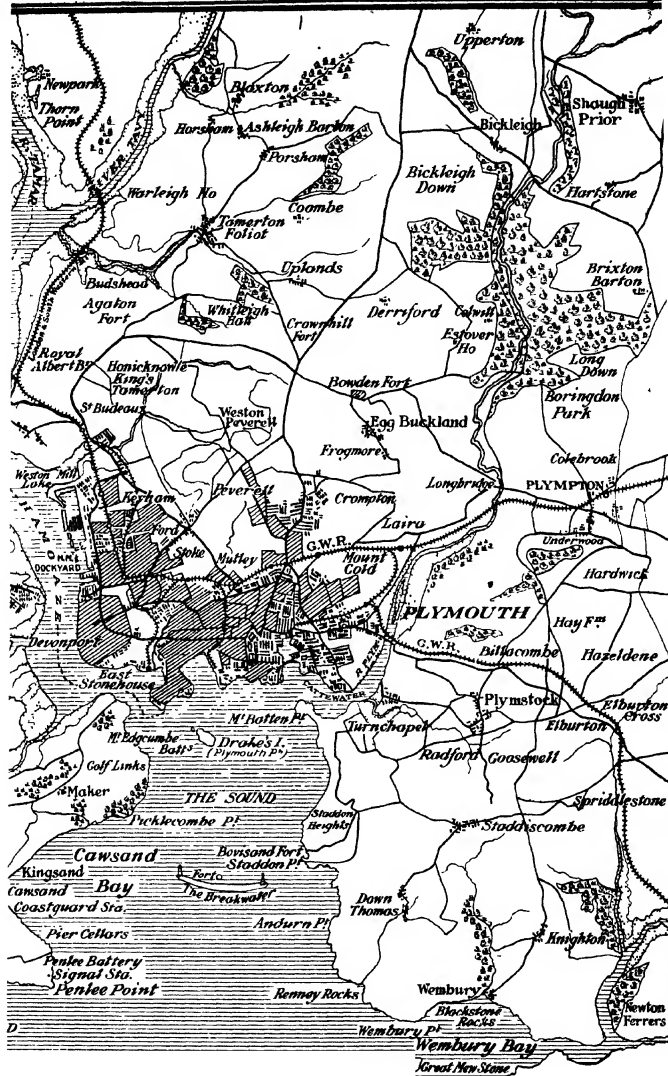
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